

# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

THE present year, from the publishing point of view, may come to be remembered for its traffic in reference books. The public is being saddled with dictionaries, encyclopedias, atlases, and the "hundred best." The good householder fills up a form, and posts it. Next morning a dray thunders up, and dumps all knowledge on his pavement. The "instalments" are perhaps a trifle wearisome, but the sight of the furniture—we mean the books—heartens him to write his monthly cheque. In one case the distinction between furniture and books need hardly be made, for a bookcase, compounded of the war-worn beams of one of Nelson's ships, is part of an enterprising firm's delivery.

VARIOUS devices are being adopted to mitigate the depression which the buyer feels when he surveys his new-gotten volumes. A very quiet man of our acquaintance was electrified the other day to find his name included in a widely-published list of people who had become purchasers or hire-purchasers of a colossal dictionary. A prince of the blood headed the list, and the names of a duke, a dean, several major-generals, a Colonial judge, and two or three countesses, to say nothing of a Paymaster of colonial police, hustled his own. Meanwhile Messrs. Harper Bros. announce that they have settled the preliminary plans of an encyclopædia which is to be larger than any existing publication of the kind. This is to be an entirely new work.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE will be interested in a new form of criticism applied to certain verses in his book, *War is Kind*. A writer in the New York *Critic* suggests that the lines in question may be read from bottom to top without any loss, and invites the reader to say which of the following versions is right side up without referring to the book:

Fast rode the knight  
With spurs, hot and reeking,  
Ever waving an eager sword,  
"To save my lady!"  
Fast rode the knight,  
And leaped from saddle to  
war.  
Men of steel flickered and  
gleamed  
Like riot of silver lights,  
And the gold of the knight's  
good banner  
Still waved on a castle wall.  
A horse,  
Blowing, staggering, bloody  
thing,  
Forgotten at foot of castle  
wall.  
A horse  
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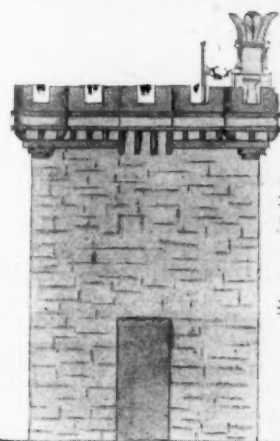
WHAT are the ideal books for children? A competition organised by *St. Nicholas* has resulted in the following first-prize list of twenty-five works for a young people's library:

|                                    |                                       |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Ivanhoe (Scott).                   | Child's Garden of Verses (Stevenson). |
| Quentin Durward (Scott).           | Tom Brown at Rugby (Hughes).          |
| Pathfinder (Cooper).               | Pilgrim's Progress (Bunyan).          |
| Last of the Mohicans (Cooper).     | Sketch Book (Irving).                 |
| Jungle Book (Kipling).             | The Man Without a Country (Hale).     |
| Westward Ho! (Kingsley).           | Robinson Crusoe (Defoe).              |
| Arabian Nights.                    | Gulliver's Travels (Swift).           |
| The Rose and the Ring (Thackeray). | Alice in Wonderland (Carroll).        |
| Wonder Book (Hawthorne).           | Uncle Remus (Harris).                 |
| A Tale of Two Cities (Dickens).    | Jackanapes (Ewing).                   |
| Christmas Stories (Dickens).       | Wild Animals I Have Known (Thompson). |
| Poems of Longfellow.               |                                       |
| Works of Shakespeare.              |                                       |
| Treasure Island (Stevenson).       |                                       |

The list might be improved. Surely not "Works of Shakespeare" for children?

PERHAPS some of our correspondents would like to try their hands at framing a list of the twelve most suitable books for children under twelve years of age.

WE give here a reproduction of the elevation of the William Black Memorial Beacon which it is proposed to erect at Duart Point near the entrance to the sound of Mull. Apropos of literary memorials, a contemporary remarks on the absence of the names of notable men of letters from the subscription list towards raising a fund to place a stained-glass window in memory of Jane Austen in Winchester Cathedral. We cannot explain this; but of forms of monument a "storied window richly dight" strikes us as being—sentimentally and by natural association—not the most appropriate in this instance. Anything gorgeous or even impressive seems a little out of keeping with Jane Austen's simple works and ways.



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HITHERTO a novel called *If* has held the record for a brief title, but Miss Marjorie Williamson has this week beaten that record. She calls her first book "I." We have already had *She*. Who will snap up the remaining personal pronouns?

AMERICA is still true to *David Harum*, which, we may remark, was refused by six publishers before Messrs. Appleton accepted it. The following are the six books which were most popular across the Atlantic during the past month:

*David Harum.* E. N. Westcott.  
*When Knighthood Was in Flower.* "E. Caskoden."  
*Richard Carvel.* W. Churchill.  
*Red Rock.* T. N. Page.  
*No. 5, John-street.* R. Whiteing.  
*From Sea to Sea.* R. Kipling.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE recently offered to present her library to the town of Barmouth. After due consideration the gift has been accepted.

WE recently made reference to the symbolical mark, the "Swastika," which is found in each volume of the new edition of Mr. Kipling's prose works. A correspondent draws our attention to the very scholarly monograph, "The Swastika, the earliest known symbol, and its migrations," by Mr. Thomas Wilson, of the United States National Museum. Archaeologists, and readers generally, will find this very able work full of interest. It is published in the Annual Report (1894) of the Smithsonian Institution, a copy of which is presented to the British Museum and some of the larger provincial public libraries.

It were monstrous to expect a poet to be always at his best, and Mr. Kipling's poem "Cruisers," contributed to last Monday's *Morning Post*, is hardly of his best. Its eleven stanzas form an exposition of the functions of cruisers in war. But this expository note is hardly what we love in verse; it is more suited to a prose head-note. With the seventh stanza, however, the poem proper, as we conceive it, begins, for then Mr. Kipling is no longer explaining but is receiving and conveying impressions. Here are three stanzas:

Anon we return, being gathered again,  
 Across the grey ridges all drabbled with rain—  
 Across the keen ridges all crisped and curled  
 To join the long dance round the curve of the world.  
 The bitter salt spin-drift, the sun-glare likewise—  
 The moon on white waters bewilders our eyes  
 Where linking and lifting our sisters we hail  
 "Twixt roll of beam-surges or wrench of head gale.  
 What see ye? Their signals or levin afar?  
 What hear ye? God's thunder—or guns of our war?  
 What make ye? Their smokes or a fog-bank out-blown?  
 What chase ye? Their lights or the day-star low down?

THE town of Flint will be full of Shakespearian colour on Monday, when Mr. Benson will give, at the instance of the Mayor and Corporation, an *al fresco* representation of the surrender of King Richard II. to the Earl of Bolingbroke in 1399, Monday being the quincentenary of the event. The stage on which Mr. Benson and his company will perform will have for its background the very castle towers which frowned on the original drama. On one side the Flintshire hills will be seen, footed by the town, and on the other the low valley where "Deva spreads her wizard stream."

THE Committee which is promoting the interests of the National Burns Memorial at Mauchline have had the pawky ingenuity to issue their latest appeal in a set of Burnsian rhymes in which they embody some of the vicissitudes of the Fund and its present need.

At first we had a fairish start,  
 By tryin' every wile an' art  
 Our brain could frame, to reach ilk heart,  
 An' draw out cash,  
 But sune our trials cam' fu' smart,  
 Wi' muckle fash.

The "Indian Famine Fund" cam' round,  
 To gie to which a' folk were bound;  
 An' Abdul Hamid, d—d vile hound,  
 Armenians slew;  
 For help, his victims had good ground,  
 An' gat it too.

Our guid Queen's Diamond Jubilee,  
 Next brocht a scheme for ilk bawbee  
 That could be spared, an' bond or free  
 Had each their need;  
 Infirmeries, lifeboats, land an' sea  
 Some special plead.

Now they're a' past, an' we has here  
 Guid crops, guid trade, and little fear  
 O' Strikes, "Lockouts," this present year;  
 Then gie's a hand,  
 And help us weel our feet to clear,  
 Is our demand.

MEANWHILE, the collection at Mauchline has been enriched by some new relics. Mrs. Burns Hutchinson has presented the nursing-chair in which her grandmother, the poet's "Bonnie Jean," reared her family. This chair was made specially for Burns when he removed to Ellisland, and has been preserved in the family since his death. Other relics have come from the Riddell family, with whom Burns foregathered so much and quarrelled so famously. Three cups and saucers, out of which Burns, it is said, drank tea in Mrs. Riddell's drawing-room, and a muffin-dish, will now remind visitors that the poet of the "peek o' mant" was a gentle drawing-room creature on occasion.

THE example of the Indiana Methodists who have turned Mr. Kipling's works out of their Sunday-school library has been followed in another Methodist quarter, and the dual catastrophe has inspired a correspondent of the *Daily News* to propound the question: "Is Kipling Profane?" and to answer it himself in the negative. These things happen in August. As for the Sunday-school people, their action, apart from their language, is comprehensible enough. A Sunday-school library exists for a definite purpose, and tales of adventure and soldiering in which the characters use the strong language of the forecastle and the canteen are not the books which anyone would naturally hand out to small boys and girls on Sunday afternoon.

THE matter might well have been disposed of with less gush and spreading than are used by the correspondent of the *Daily News*. For example, it discomforts a bookman to read such criticism as this: "If Milton had detailed the manners of the cavaliers in his stormy times, he might have done so in the sweet language of the oaten lute. But his story would have been only a rosy half-truth, even if applied to some of Cromwell's soldiers. Only a robust literary style, like Kipling's, can adequately measure our military methods or set to music the rough-and-ready gossip of the canteens." This uncritical association of names and postulation of preposterous "ifs" all about a few *damns*! Milton could not have drawn the manners of rough soldiers; had he tried, he would not have used the sweet language of the oaten lute; and whatever he had produced, it would not have been a "rosy half-truth." Yet Milton's prose style was one of the most robust in literature. Ah, well, these things are written in August.

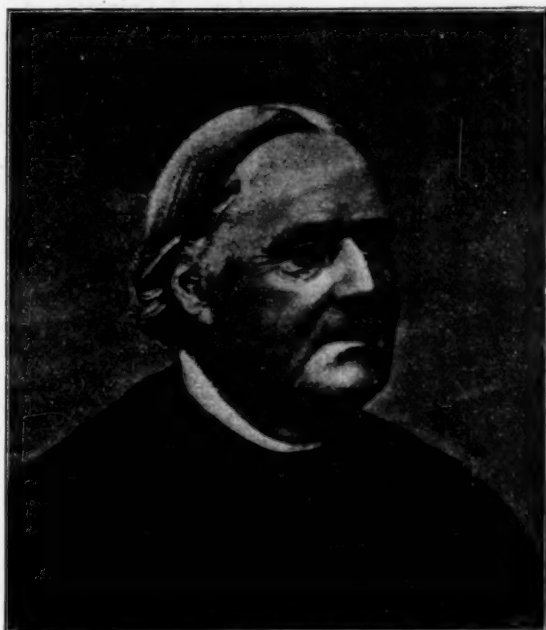
THE new musical criticism is fruitful in surprises. Thus, in an article—a clever fantastic article—on Mr. Henry Wood in the current *Dome*, "Israfel" writes: "In sheer charm and intimacy of emotion, Henry Wood, with his quite feminine intuition and his incomprehensively Slavonic fire, is unrivalled. He has an absolute monopoly of sympathy, and his sense of pathos is most womanly, sincere, and exquisite. Moreover, he has now and then a seductive langour upon him, a something which gives a remote



witchery to his art, that lies on his art as the dew on a flower. . . . Who could play the whimsical *Casse-Noisette*, that we're all so tired of, so daintily as Henry Wood? With the *Trepak* he gives us a thrill of excitement comparable to that which we feel when we see Tod Sloan win by a short head." Well!

We have received a newly issued catalogue of pictures in the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery. It is a substantial book of over 200 pages, containing fifty first-rate illustrations, and it is issued at sixpence. Nothing like it has been attempted by the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, and other London institutions. We suppose that most people know that it is necessary to go to Birmingham to see a really representative collection of the works of David Cox.

In noticing the collected edition of the works of Robert Stephen Hawker a few weeks ago we were able to give only a slight line portrait of this remarkable man. The much more satisfactory portrait here reproduced will,



ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

therefore, interest our readers. It forms the frontispiece to the new edition of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's *Vicar of Morwenstow*, just issued by Messrs. Methuen. That it exists at all is somewhat remarkable, because for many years the old man had refused to be photographed. He had even told his biographer that he would have inscribed on his tombstone the words: "Here lies the man who was never photographed." However, in the last two years of his life Hawker's views changed, and many will be glad that his features are not lost to us.

THE charming little dialogue on the "Pleasures of Poverty" which Max O'Rell contributes to the *North American Review* is not less charming because it so keenly reminds one of Cousin Bridget's protestations to Elia. Max O'Rell's "wife" says:

"I will tell you this: happy as I am now, I am not sure that I was not happier still when we were quite poor, pulling, struggling together, hand in hand. I have never dreaded poverty; on the contrary, I have enjoyed it, loved it by your side. To poverty I owe the happiest days of my life. Do you remember, for instance, how we enjoyed

the play when, once a month, obscure, unknown to everybody, we went to the upper circle? Wasn't it lovely? And how we often yawn now, once a week in the stalls! . . . We were not overfed in those days. You cannot enjoy, even appreciate, anything intellectual after a dinner of six or eight courses; you are only fit for a pantomime or a music-hall. And that's why those pathetic forms of entertainment are so successful now. Why, look at the people in the boxes, indifferent, half sulky, lifting their eyebrows and staring their eyes out—like that—awful!"

Bridget's views were the same. They occur, as every Elian knows, in the inimitable essay, "Old China":

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit or boxes. Do you remember where it was we used to sit when we saw 'The Battle of Hexham' and 'The Surrender of Calais,' and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in 'The Children in the Wood'—when we squeezed out our shilling apiece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—when you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me, and the pleasure was the better for a little shame. You used to say that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially. . . . Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw and heard well enough then; but sight and all, I think, is gone with our poverty."

WHAT is literary malaria? This affection of the brain is lightly diagnosed by Mrs. Earle in the *American Book Buyer*. Literary malaria is the state of strain and bewilderment, involving an inability to do creative work, which is brought about by poring on old books in search of local colour and illuminating facts. It is a disease most incident to historical novelists. The preliminary dive into history may be delightful, but the result is that the brain is fretted by the search, especially by defeat in the search; and the result of digging in this humus of decayed literature is a "fever an' ague" of the mind. The material is there, and it sends up exhalations that seem of themselves to form shapes and dramas that only require the aid of the pen to record them. But a subtle undermining of the executive power of the brain has been going on, and the old musty styles, which will never do for modern readers, go singing through the brain and obsess it.

THUS, says Mrs. Earle, the historical novelist is apt to

forget the real values of language, and, when he begins to execute the story which thrilled him as its outlines took form, he finds all his sentences bedecked with participial and prepositional qualifications. "Then," he writes, "seeing the Indian lurking behind a tree, and, knowing that no mercy could be expected from such a ruthless adversary, with a beating heart—" He stops and takes another piece of paper, feeling that, with so many encumbrances to carry along with it, his sentence will never reach the fact it started for. Next time, perhaps, the overweight of adverbs which have been forced upon his mind escape into the text, and not a step can his sentences take without a fringe of "ly's" flapping on each side of them, like the fly-net on a horse.

WE doubt not that this is a real experience with many novelists, and very charmingly and deftly it is described by Mrs. Earle. Only a week or two ago, in reviewing Mr. Caskoden's *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, we made some remarks which agree with Mrs. Earle's conclusion—viz., that "the writer who wishes to interpret the characters and interests of the past must keep close to the characters and interests of to-day; for life is at all times the same, and is the only absolute specific for malaria of the mind."

No happier literary parallel could be found than the one which Mr. Percy J. Harding contributed to the *Daily*

*News*, on Wednesday, apropos of the trial at Rennes. Who does not remember the paper with the copy of verses which the White Rabbit picked up:

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

"Please your Majesty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it, and they can't prove that I did: there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

"That proves his guilt, of course," said the Queen: "so, off with—"

Everything, it seems, may be found in Shakespeare and Lewis Carroll.

## Bibliographical.

THE appearance of an elaborate treatise on croquet reminds one of the remarkable revival of that most innocent (if not most inane) of games. It seems an age since the late Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell wrote and published his "piece" about croquet, beginning:

Most croquet is cheating,  
Most roquet mere folly,  
And yet we know  
Some belles and beaux  
Who fancy it's most jolly.

There is an allusion in one of his stanzas to "Balmorals," which dates the "piece" with some approach to accuracy. I do not remember any other notable "pome" in celebration of the game. There is, of course, Frederick Locker's description of it, in *Mr. Placid's Flirtation*, as "a dainty but difficult sport in its way," with the accompanying couplet:

Thus I counsel the stage who to play at it stoops,  
Belabour thy neighbour, and spoon through thy hoops.

So far, however, Cholmondeley Pennell is *par excellence* the laureate of the pastime.

Mr. Kipling, it seems, has bought back the copyright of his *Departmental Ditties*, so far as England and, I suppose, India are concerned; but how about the numerous copies of the work which must still be reposing upon private library shelves in this country? Is Mr. Kipling inclined to buy these up? Some of us, I am sure, would not be inclined to part with our possession—not because the *Ditties* are very notable effusions from the purely literary point of view, but because they were the first things from Mr. Kipling's pen that came before the English reader, and they are therefore biographically interesting. The third edition was circulated in England in 1888. My own copy is of the fourth edition ("with additional poems") and dated 1890. The book, as most people know, was published here by W. Thacker & Co., as agents of Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta. It at least revealed, in parts, an individuality, and prepared one, so to speak, for the Tales. It is pleasant to know that Mr. Kipling is not going to suppress the *Ditties* altogether. The rhythmic preface, for example, is much too Kiplingish to be lost.

I saw it stated the other day, in a quarter usually trustworthy, that Prof. Edward Dowden had undertaken to edit the text of Shakespeare's plays for Messrs. Methuen. I gather, however, that what Dr. Dowden has really undertaken is the general supervision of an edition of the plays. He will edit the opening volume, which will be devoted to "Hamlet," but I gather that he will not be

responsible for all the volumes of the series. If this be so, I can only say I am sorry, for a complete "Dowden Shakespeare" is a thing to wish for. The Professor's *Mind and Art of Shakespeare*, issued in 1875, was for very many students of the Bard a landmark on their journey. It owed, no doubt, a good deal to its author's familiarity with German criticism on the subject, but it was very suggestive and stimulating, for all that. Then, what a boon and a blessing to thousands was the Professor's *Shakespeare Primer*! His more recent work as editor of the *Sonnets*, the *Passionate Pilgrim*, and so forth, is within the memory of all but the youngest of us.

The volume on American Literature in the series of Literary Histories edited by Mr. Gosse and published by Mr. Heinemann will be from the pen of Prof. W. P. Trent. That gentleman's name is hardly a household word in England; yet some of his publications have found their way to this country. Of these, the one of most general interest is his edition of certain tales by Poe, included last year in the "Riverside Literature" series. Before that came a volume of studies of *Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime*, which, again, was preceded by "a study of the Gilmer Letters and an account of the English Professors obtained by Jefferson for the University of Virginia," to which the author gave the title of *English Culture in Virginia*. So long ago as 1881 Prof. Trent contributed to the "American Men of Letters" series a monograph on William Gilmore Simms, another American worthy with whom the English reader is not too well acquainted.

Life is to be made more beautiful for us by the publication of a sort of album of portraits of "stars" of the music-hall attired in "character." And really, this kind of thing has been done so freely for the "legitimate" stage that it is only fair that the "artists" of the "halls" should have what they would call "a look in." Such men as Albert Chevalier and Gus Elen have as much right to be dubbed "artist" as any actor has. And yet how little (apart from fiction) has been written about their engaging performances. Some nine years ago there came, from the pen of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, a pamphlet, entitled *Music-Hall Land: an Account of the Natives*, but it had not the air of being written by an expert. The music-hall has had its bards, but no historian or critic of authority.

I notice that Messrs. Chatto & Windus promise a new edition of *The Choice Works of Edgar Allan Poe*—that edition to which a translation of Charles Beaudelaire's essay is prefixed. I am inclined to think that this volume has, in its time, done more for the popularity of Poe in England than any other edition of his Works, however splendid. It was published in 1872 by John Camden Hotten, and claimed to be the most nearly complete edition that had so far been issued over here, including as it did "some critical essays which will be new to English readers." The English editions of the poems, tales, and essays have since been legion; but Hotten's (which may have been edited by Henry Curwen, who translated the essay by Beaudelaire) still remains (*me judice*) the best one-volume collection in the market.

To what extent has Marcus Clarke, at this moment, a vogue in these islands? His widow and his son are among us, and are credited with a desire to dispose of some unprinted work of his. In 1897 one of our publishing firms gave us his *Stories of Australia in the Early Days*, and later in the same year we had from another firm a re-issue of his *Australian Tales of the Bush*, with a memoir by Hamilton MacKinnon. *Heavy Odds* had come in 1896, and *Chidiack Tichbourne* in 1893. Such is the indifference of the public to distinguishing Christian names that I believe Marcus Clarke is often confounded with Charles Carlos Clarke, the author of *Which is the Winner?* and other sporting novels.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## Daniel and Drayton.

*Selections from the Poetry of Samuel Daniel and Michael Drayton.* With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, M.A. (Dent. 1s. 6d.)

THIS little volume could have found no better editor than Mr. Beeching; who, at home as he is among all poets, is never more at home than in dealing with the Elizabethans and their immediate successors. We have had no reprint in these days of reprints of either Daniel or Drayton, save Mr. Bullen's expensive and now scarce selections from the latter poet. Needing a text-book for his Oxford pupils, Mr. Beeching was moved to undertake the present volume. His selections are judicious, and his introduction a thoroughly understanding piece of criticism. The reader of modest means may now see for himself what minor poets were like at the close of the sixteenth century. For both these poets are representative minor singers, in that terminal period of the Elizabethan school which preceded the outbreak of seventeenth century poetry, with its Donne, Crashaw, Cowley, and the Cavalier lyrists. And both are well worth better knowledge.

To indulge our own predilection, we will reverse Mr. Beeching's order, and speak first of Drayton. More fortunate than Daniel, he is known to every schoolboy (not merely him too famous in Macaulay's pages) by the rousing *Ballad of Agincourt*; yet, unfortunate enough, he is further known in literary histories chiefly as the author of that very fearsome production—the *Polyolbion*. Not twenty Charles Lambs could get any unlesured man to read it. In reality he is one of the most masculine and individual among our minor poets. Whatever he does is burly, forthright, with a true English independence. Other ways may be better, he seems to say, but he will do things his own way. And his own way is mostly worth doing.

Yet Drayton, it must grudgingly be confessed, is a clumsy workman. Like most clumsy workmen who have something to say, he offends by awkward or downright unintelligible ellipses. Clumsy workmen who have nothing to say sin in quite other fashion. But inexpert craftsmen who are full of matter almost invariably try to bring their matter within metrical compass by the omission of connecting words—what is technically called ellipsis. It takes a great artist to use ellipsis well. Shakespeare is a master of it; yet even Shakespeare sometimes faults by excessive and crabbed ellipsis. Donne, a very pregnant writer, who, like Drayton, is not a good craftsman, is full of violent and knotty ellipses. But he has at least the palliation that his ellipses are scholarly, and result from an indiscreet imitation of the Latin, where the inflected character of the language permits bold ellipsis inadmissible to an uninflected language like the English. Drayton's ellipses are not scholarly; they are thoroughly indigenous and awkward, as well as crabbed; the mere untaught expedients of a man who finds it difficult to shepherd his thick-coming ideas into the strait pen of a defined stanza. For this reason—whether or not he be at his best poetically—he is least clumsy in expression where he employs continuous metre (as in his pastorals) which permits him to take what compass he pleases in his utterance—gives him, in fact, room to turn round in. And Drayton, like the sturdy, strong, not unbovine Anglo-Saxon he is, needs a good deal of room to turn round in. This lack of adroitness hampers him in his sonnets, which abound in lumbering and quite unclassical ellipses, making them difficult reading. He is still more clod-paced in his Odes, and other poems written in brief stanzas of curt lines. Yet he is curiously fond of such measures—doubtless from his instinctive love of pregnancy. His virile abundance of idea well qualifies

him for these stern, short metres—indeed, almost calls for them. But unluckily his indexterity of execution no less disqualifies him. He is like a man of pithy temperament but thick utterance. So that most readers had better take refuge in his pastorals, with their charming simplicity and flowing expression. Those only who are willing to wrestle with maladroitness and knotty expression for the sake of masculine substance—whose teeth are sound enough to crack a tough nut for the sake of a nutritious kernel—should adventure upon the sonnets and the poems in curt stanza form. He declares in one fine sonnet that his mistress has made the dumb to speak—in causing him to write. Whether he were really first urged to write by love or not, it is clear to us that he did to some extent compose *invitâ Minervâ*—driven on by an inward heat, in spite of a native obtuseness of utterance.

Yet this poet, whom we have in effect compared to a broad-shouldered Saxon farmer, needing much room to "come about" (in nautical phrase), can be delightfully dainty on occasion, full of pretty fancy—nay, even a certain arch caprice. So it was with rough old Ben, but Jonson had a classic elegance and accomplishment in his lighter moods, which is lacking to the less learned Drayton. Charming is the fancy and whimsy of "Nymphidia," Drayton's mock-heroic fairy poem. Hark how the very metre seems to trip along on little feet, most apt for a fay story:

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,  
Of little frisking elves and apes  
To earth do make their wanton scapes,  
As hope or pastime hastes them;  
Which maids think on the hearth they see  
When fires well-near consumed be,  
There dancing fays by two and three,  
Just as their fancy casts them.

He has, indeed, a happy instinct for minor metres; witness the most graceful measure of the song in "The Shepherd's Sirena." Pity it is these things are flawed at intervals by his awkward twists of expression. His pastorals have a sweet and clean rusticity about them, if they lack the downright realism of Allan Ramsay, and are full of the open air. Old Walton might have quoted his praise of fishing in the "Sixth Nymphal." There is much that is fine in the ode "To the Virginian Voyage," with its prophecy fulfilled so splendidly in later times:

And in regions far,  
Such heroes bring ye forth  
As those from whom we came;  
And plant our name  
Under that star  
Not known unto our North.

One sonnet of Drayton's is famous: "Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part." But the others are by no means so vastly inferior, for all the faults we have already noted in them. We think more highly of them, indeed, than Mr. Beeching does. Manly and full-sounding is this, for example:

Why should your fair eyes with such sovereign grace  
Disperse their rays on every vulgar spirit,  
Whilst I in darkness in the self-same place  
Get not one glance to recompense my merit?  
So doth the ploughman gaze the wandering star,  
And only rest contented with the light,  
That never learned what constellations are,  
Beyond the bent of his unknowing sight.  
O, why should beauty, custom to obey,  
To their gross sense apply herself so ill!  
Would God I were as ignorant as they,  
When I am made unhappy by my skill;  
Only compelled on this poor good to boast,  
Heavens are not kind to them that know them most.

Daniel resembles Drayton only in manliness. His style is very different, extremely clear and carefully finished.

Wordsworth and Coleridge both admired the openness and simplicity of his diction. His characteristic vein is that of grave and dignified reflection. Perhaps his thought is not always so deep as Mr. Beeching would have it; there may be more than a touch of conventional moralising about it, as about Wordsworth himself. Wordsworth borrowed from the "Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland" the final couplet:

Unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

He was fond of such borrowings, and did not always acknowledge them, as he has done in this case. That great close of a great sonnet:

Who are to judge of danger, which they fear,  
And honour, which they do not understand;

is taken literally from Sir Fulke Greville, without statement of the fact. In sententiousness lies much of Daniel's merit; though in "Hymen's Triumph" we have beauty with no lack. But perhaps the finest specimen of him in this book is the chorus from "Cleopatra." Its severe and even language, its elevated thought, the stately movement and cunning structure of the verse, all leave an impression of high admiration. The final stanza may fairly be called great:

O then, all-seeing light,  
High President of heaven,  
You Magistrates, the stars,  
Of that eternal court  
Of Providence and Right,  
Are these the bounds ye have given,  
Th' untranspassable bars  
That limit pride so short?  
Is greatness of this sort,  
That greatness greatness mars,  
And wracks itself, self-driven  
On rocks of her own might?  
Doth Order order so  
Disorder's overthrow?

The closeness of both thought and expression is here so great that it needs more than one reading to understand the lines, though the language is precise enough. And in other places a like reason makes Daniel not quite fluent reading, in spite of his clear diction and structure. But he is a worthy companion to Drayton, with whom he makes a happy contrast. We could well do with more such handy little reprints of the older poets.

### An Essayist in the Stocks.

*Montaigne: Études et Fragments.* Œuvre Posthume publiée par les Soins de M. Auguste Salles. Préface de M. Émile Faguet. (Paris: Hachette.)

EVER since the foundation of the Tower of Babel, fate has been jealous of *magna opera*. It is melancholy, but therefore not surprising, to learn that the studies of more than twenty years, directed by the late Prof. Guizot towards the achievement of a grand definitive edition of Montaigne's "Essais," were unfruitful as far as their main object was concerned. But what M. Faguet, in a long preface, is pleased to call a "très beau livre" has been compiled by Prof. Auguste Salles out of the snippets in Guizot's laboratory. Let us not be mistaken. The book is "très beau" in the sense of attaining an almost axiomatic neatness of expression and as the culmination of a generous pro-Christian mind against the imperturbability of a selfish sceptic; but it is feverish and iterative. It nags at Montaigne, as it were. Moreover, while Guizot is turning Montaigne's wisdom inside out to the consternation of Sainte-Beuve (should he be looking on), he seems all the time to be puzzled as to the identity of his victim. "What was Montaigne?" we ask, and the fertility of the reply is amazing. He was "caractère détrempe plutôt que corrompu" (p. 42); "conscience éveillée et énermée"

(p. 52); "un Ecclésiaste gascon" (p. 57); "un Girondin conservateur" (p. 63); "un pessimiste et un dégoûté en belle humeur" (p. 123); "un positiviste rêveur" (p. 131); "un endormeur" (229). Besides that he was "un aventurier et un habile, un inventeur prime-sautier et un styliste minutieux," and, shocking to state! he was "une des maîtresses plutôt qu'un des maîtres de l'esprit français" (p. 252). Ask, "Who was Montaigne?" and Prof. Guizot is equally communicative. He was "une espèce de Goethe superficiel" (p. 40); "un Socrate incomplet et infécond" (p. 160); "un Plutarque libertin" (p. 162); "le saint François de Sales des esprits profanes et moyens" (p. 171). He was also "cette Célimène gasconne dont nous sommes tous amoureux" (p. 165); he was even the "Hamlet" of France (p. 245). Now there is no mistaking the cleverness of much of this. "A pessimist in a good humour." Could anything be better? But a steady daylight were better than so many flashes of lightning.

Montaigne had the effect on Prof. Guizot of a chameleon, in a closet with looking-glasses on every side, who is so dazzled by the number of his images that he doesn't know himself. The Professor, *en revanche*, sternly determines to bring his man down to a very common level. As thus:

Montaigne dit dans ses *Essais* en parlant de ses enfants: "J'en ai perdu en nourrice deux ou trois, sinon sans regret, au moins sans fâcherie." O Montaigne! voilà un mot qui ne te fait point honneur! Il eût mieux valu ne savoir pas faire une distinction subtile entre la fâcherie et le regret, et savoir plus exactement le compte de tes enfants morts.

And again:

Bacon dit quelque part que si Lucrèce avait vu la Saint-Barthélemy, il serait devenu cent fois plus athée qu'il ne l'était. Eh, bien! Montaigne était plus flegmatique: il a vu la Saint-Barthélemy, et elle ne lui a pas arraché un cri.

He was a snob, insinuates the Professor; otherwise why did he write on the *Ephemerides* of his family that his father was "anterré à Montaigne, au tumbeau de ses ancêtres," since the deceased was the first of his race to be interred there?

You incline to think Montaigne was impartial? First swallow this: "En politique Montaigne n'avait guère qu'une idée nette et juste." Then this: "Montaigne est le représentant de l'impartialité qui n'aboutit pas et ne sert à rien."

At any rate, you hold by Montaigne's style? "By all means," says the Professor in effect:

Cette puissance miraculeuse que, selon la Genèse, Adam eut pour nommer chacun des êtres nouvellement créés qu'il passait en revue, il semble que Montaigne l'a reçue à un degré aussi extraordinaire, au lendemain du chaos d'où sortait le monde moderne, pour nommer, définir, dépeindre l'un après l'autre les sentiments petits ou grands, les pensées les plus générales ou les plus subtiles . . . qui se pressaient autour de lui.

But you are not to suppose that our Adam of the intellectual world invariably found the inevitable phrase at first. One of his most delicious—in a utilitarian country hardly one of his most popular—utterances originally ran: "Je ne treuve rien si chèrement acheté que ce qui me couste du soing." You read it now: "Je presterois aussi volontiers mon sang que mon soing." As to his borrowings, the Professor throws up his hands; Montaigne was indeed a Latin scholar!

It seems that the worst of Montaigne's scepticism is that it is a cult. He repeats unceasingly that affirmation is an act of pride; he lives from day to day; his Bible may be reduced to Ecclesiastes. "Knock not, for it would not be opened; seek not, for you would not find; ask not, for it would not be given to you," in Prof. Guizot's bitter parody, is the gospel according to Montaigne.

In preferring the ordures of Rabelais to the sensuality of Montaigne, Prof. Guizot takes a popular line, but one that is fast becoming a cant. Venus emerging from the



bath excites an impressionable youth to seek *bonnes fortunes*; so, let us say, does a dance at the Alhambra. The same youth passes a dung-heap holding his nose. Montaigne writes of love with relish and curiosity; a fairly refined nature can follow his epicureanism with pleasure. Rabelais writes of Gargantua's monstrous snortings and gluttonies, and makes us sick. Is nausea morality?

Montaigne's friendship for Etienne de la Boétie Prof. Guizot considers the "roman" of his life, and he applauds the pages devoted in the "Essais" to the author of the discourse on "La Servitude Volontaire." But he does not lose the opportunity of comparing the two to Montaigne's disadvantage.

In fine, Montaigne is not in the first rank of French writers. Why? Because to put him there implies the impotence of reason, the incomprehensibility of the world, the aimlessness of life, the retrogression of humanity. This strikes one as inconsequent, not to say hysterical. On the other hand, Prof. Guizot admits Montaigne's vast influence on the literature of Europe. He speaks of one known to him who found for two years the consolation of a broken heart in "those pages filled with irony and lassitude." Montaigne has "tout son esprit en un clin d'œil." But "are we here below to chat?" asks the Professor. It is to be assumed that a man with his soul in an eyelash is not going to commit us to anything serious. "Tut, tut," says M. Faguet, if we may venture to paraphrase him, "let us be thankful for his good company."

### Wagner as a Letter Writer.

*Richard Wagner; Letters to Wesendonck et al.* Translated and Indexed by Wm. Ashton Ellis. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

*Letters of Richard Wagner to Emil Heckel. With a Brief History of the Bayreuth Festivals.* Translated and Indexed by Wm. Ashton Ellis. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

THERE is a tragic *mot* of Franz Schubert's which runs: "People think they are ever going to one another, and they only go near one another." Paul Pry feels this very acutely when he attempts to obtain an insight into the frame of mind in which great music is written, or when he endeavours to follow the process of composition. The written word touches the secret only to dismiss it: however deeply Mr. Pry dives into the desk of the departed, it is only an approach that he effects, never an arrival. We ourselves have abandoned the hope that letters would disclose for us the fundamental difference between the musician and the man in the street. And so in opening these volumes of Wagner's correspondence we are not disappointed to find that though we get near him we do not get to him. Nor are we chagrined to find that the prattle of a man like Ignatz Moscheles is vastly more "entertaining": the second-rate artist lives among his contemporaries and is the glass of fashion; the first-rate artist lives apart from his contemporaries and is the Narcissus-mirror of himself.

Mordant wit, a playfulness exuberant as a kitten's, a profound belief in his own need and worthiness to be subsidised, are perhaps the most characteristic features of Wagner's letters. The first thing we turn to is naturally ourselves. In the letters to Herr Wesendonck (a wealthy merchant whose acquaintance he made in 1852) we find the following passages:

No one here [in London] arrives at any kind of interest in a thing unwonted. . . . True art is something utterly strange to them, and they assuredly are not to be caught by anything but its incomings and outgoings. The equanimity with which these persons [the Philharmonic audience] listened to the singing of a wearisome duet [by Marschner], for instance, just thirty seconds after the close of the "Eroica," was an altogether new experience to me: all the world assured me that no one took the least offence

at it, and exactly as the symphony, so was the duet applauded. . . . Anything more objectionable than the genuine English stamp . . . I cannot conceive: they one and all have the type of the sheep; and just as certain as the instinct of the sheep for finding out its fodder on the meadow is the Englishman's practical sense; his fodder he finds, to be sure, but the whole lovely field, with the blue heavens above it, unfortunately is non-extant for his organ of perception. [March, 1855.]

And again:

The real delight of the English is Oratorio; there their music becomes the interpreter of their religion—*passer moi le mot!* Four hours long do they sit in Exeter Hall, listening to one fugue after another in perfect confidence that they have discharged a good deed, in reward for which they will get nothing whatever to hear in heaven but the loveliest Italian operatic arias. It was this deep fervour of the English public that Mendelssohn gauged so well when he composed and conducted oratorios. . . . Mendelssohn is to the English completely what their Jehovah is to the Jews. And Jehovah's wrath now strikes the unbelieving one; for you know that, among other great qualities, the dear God of the Jews is also credited with very much rancour. [April 5, 1855.]

"To think that he put up with us!" one is inclined to exclaim, for there is no superfluous charity in these observations. Can it be that, as Chopin says, "the English are the only people who pay well"? Considerations of hard cash might, indeed, have led to the founding of the Bayreuth festival in London, for we and Chicago were quite willing; but the King of Bavaria countermanded, as it were, these coals of fire. In extenuation of his bitterness it must be remembered that Wagner suffered keenly, like all epoch-makers, from a sense of isolation from the life of the world. There are moments when the enthusiasm of a whole population of posterity may not seem to the artist as valuable as the ignorant applause of a handful of Exeter Hallites. Here is a *cri du cœur*:

That I am alive, is the ground of every cry; that I am thus; that my whole being and doing place me so entirely out of all relation with the actual world, and yet I have to keep on living in this world, in it to satisfy my needs. . . . With all my thoughts and schemes I stand, and remain, too far outside all present possibility! Lest I should abandon everything and quite despair, just rarely now and then a tiny smile, is cast on me by my surrounding, which surprises me the more and produces the greater effect on me, as it comes so unexpectedly and from amid the coldest strangeness. . . . But I have grown accustomed to fix my eye no longer piercingly and lastingly upon this smile: nothing earnest, nothing decisive to be awaited from it; it remains but just a smile, and only meant to cheer one for a moment. [October 25, 1859.]

Then, after an amusing account of the indolence of Roger, the Paris Tannhäuser, who seized the first pretence to steal away from the pianoforte to the domino-table ("Yet—I see well enough that I must try to find myself in Roger too," adds Wagner), he bursts forth:

Now I am bracing myself to get air again for the last act of "Siegfried": breathe I but that once more, then everything is alike to me. For this I see: I am entirely what I am, only when I am *creating*. . . . My most congenial art-friends have nothing beyond astonishment for any new works; everyone who stands at all near to our public art life feels too feeble for hope. . . . And they really are right! Nothing teaches me a better how terribly I have overleapt all around me than a good sharp look—down from myself—as those who stand between me and just that world. So let me work myself completely out: oh, had I nothing, nothing else to do upon the earth! Rest! Rest! that the inner torch may burn soft and bright, which flickers so wildly under the breath of this life of want, and—soon must be extinct. Let me but create the works I there was given, in peaceful, glorious Switzerland. . . . Let me finish them: then am I done with and redeemed! But ask nothing, nothing else from me.

It is to be hoped they did not, for Wagner had not much else to give, and what he gave were indeed "wonder works." It must not be lost sight of that the artist is essentially an utterer of a message—one of the predestined, in short—and that to reproach him with "Skimpoleism" is not fair. It is only when the soul surrounds itself with oblivion that it can create the forms of genius. Wagner stands alone, in a singular definiteness of intention. He sees his life mapped out, and, fearfully extravagant as we believe him to have been, there is no doubt as to his exclusive reverence for his art. "Purely and entirely for money I could not sell myself," he writes (June 5, 1860) by way of explanation for refusing an offer to conduct in Russia for 50,000 francs.

The "tiny smile" of circumstance expanded as we know, in spite of his fastidiousness, and in its excessive beamishness the artist felt afraid. Writing to Frau Eliza Wille (May 4, 1864), he says of Ludwig II. of Bavaria, his patron: "Alas! he is so handsome and intelligent, so splendid and so full of soul, that I fear lest his life should vanish like a fleeting dream of gods in this vulgar world." And on the 26th of May he writes to the same lady of "the fearful labour pains of my good fortune"; and with Teutonic devotion to metaphor, dubs her his "midwife." Why did it come with such "drastic swiftness" this good fortune? It came at all, Wagner would have us believe, because amid "deepest humbling" he stayed "meek and kindly." We have our doots, but none of the good fortune. "I simply am thought an all-powerful minion," writes Wagner, September 9, 1864, "the other day the orphans of a female poisoner appealed to me."

He calls Frau Wille "dear, precious friend, and again 'Precious!' *tout court*. Consequently it leaves a rather nasty taste in the mouth when he confides to her, May or June, 1864, that "my having so petted and spoilt my own wife by excessive indulgence, that at last she lost all power of rendering me a little justice, has become to me a Nemesis."

To Herr Emil Heckel, founder of the very earliest Wagner Society, and still a member of the Bayreuth Council of Administration, the composer displays a very playful disposition:

My dear friend Heckel,  
my work-pot's Deckel [lid]

is his definition of him, and Silas Wegg is offered much cause to look to his laurels. The whole tedious business of getting the Bayreuth Theatre built is enlivened with much amiable jocosity that displays Wagner in a very sympathetic light. Like all egoists of genius he was an epitome of men, and in spending himself he became diffusive. He could get the best out of executants because he fascinated them. On the last occasion that he conducted (the work was "Parsifal") Reichmann said: "A thing like that, one can only go through once. To such an expenditure of breath, such a tax on one's strength of voice in general, only the master himself can pin one." Again, at one of the rehearsals of the Ninth Symphony, in the old Margrave's Opera House:

Niemann called down to him [at the beginning of the quartet] from the so-called "trumpeters' box" where the soloists were stationed: "Master, if you don't beat time for me here I cannot sing." Wagner answered: "I shall not beat time, for it would make the rendering stiff. You must sing this passage with absolute freedom. . . . I paint it for you in the air." At the unison for the 'celli and double-basses, he said: "Gentlemen, you must know this by heart now. Look at me; there is no beating time; I draw it for you in the air. It must speak like a recitative." The effect was marvellous.

In closing these fascinating volumes we are conscious that we have not got "to" Wagner, but we have had a rare gossip with him in which he has assisted. It would be unreasonable to ask more.

## Sheer Entertainment.

*A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.* Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Vol. V.: Horizontalities—Hywe. (Clarendon Press. 5s.)

"With his legs horizontalised on his lodging-house sofa." This is almost the first quotation in the new part of Volume V. of the *New English Dictionary*. It occurs to us that a great many of our readers who are now horizontalising their legs on rural and seaside sofas could wish for no more entertaining reading than Dr. Murray's great dictionary affords. We are quite serious. Before now we have shown how easily enjoyment may be sucked from its pages. And although the size and make of the parts in which the dictionary is issued do not precisely recommend it for the shingle or a nest in the heather, yet if entertainingness is the important quality of holiday reading, then you have it here without stint or doubt. Besides which, the work affords to the resting man the spectacle of an industry so colossal that his sense of idle anchorage and of release from the hurly-burly must be deepened as he runs his eye down these wonderful columns, ranging through abstruse philological inquiry to gay quotation and curious analogy.

We have just used the word hurly-burly. It is one of the words dealt with in the present instalment, and its history is curious enough. In all reasonableness it ought to be nothing more than a sort of "initially-varied reduplication" of the word "hurly," meaning a commotion, an uproar. The odd thing is that "hurly-burly" is found in English literature more than half a century earlier than "hurly." Thus "hurly" first starts up in 1596 in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Petruchio says:

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
That all is done in reverent care of her.

Whereas "hurly-burly" occurs as early as 1539 and 1545. Hall (1548) writes in his *Chronicle*: "In this time of insurrection and in the rage of horley-borley." As a verb the word is found in a political ballad of 1678:

This hurly-burly all the town  
Makes Smith and Harris prattle.

Lindley Murray admonished his young grammarians to avoid "low expressions such as topsy-turvy, hurly-burly, and pell-mell," forgetting, perhaps, that Shakespeare had written:

When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won,

and not foreseeing that De Quincey, that verbal epicurean, would write six years later: "In the very uttermost hurly-burly of the storm."

In the same column "Hurrah" catches the eye. It is a later substitute for "Huzza." We are told that "hurrah" was the battle-cry of the Prussian soldiers in the War of Liberation (1812-13), from which time it became a cry of exultation, though in practice "hooray" is the word that is shouted. Yet "hurrah" is found in Addison's "Drummer" (1716) as "whurra!" and in "She Stoops to Conquer," someone shouts "Hurree, hurree, bravo!" Earlier than this, "hurrah" was used to denote a cry of joy, but the actual exclamation in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was "Huzza!" Thus, in Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer": "Huzza then! huzza for the queen and the honour of Shropshire." "Huzza!" is thought to have been originally a seaman's word. In a *London Gazette* of 1679 we may read: "At his passing over the Bridge the Castle saluted him with . . . three Hussaws, Seamen like," and various early writers connect the word with the sea. Dr. Murray suggests a connexion with "heisau!" "hissa!" which were hauling or hoisting cries. One is only surprised that the sibilant in "Huzza" was tolerated so long. In a short-lived allusive sense "huzza" stood for a riotous young fellow and a gallant.



Thus Wycherley's *Dancing Master* says: "We are for the brisk huzzas of seventeen or eighteen." And the party politics of Defoe's time crystallised one of its phases in "huzza-men," men paid to shout "huzza." An entry in a *Flying Post* of 1715 says: "For scores of huzza-men £40."

Less jubilant, though not less eager, kinds of shouting are those connected with the word "hue" in hue-and-cry. "Hue" stood alone once. As late as 1779 we read in the *Gentleman's Magazine*: "As soon as M. Lally appeared a hue was set up by the whole assembly, hisses, pointing, threats, and every abusive name." Poor M. Lally! And Drayton wrote:

Like as a Heard of over-heated Deere  
With Hues and Hounds recov'ed every where.

Dr. Murray says there is some reason to believe that *hue*, as distinct from cry, originally meant inarticulate sound, including that of a horn or trumpet, as well as of the voice. This seems to be borne out by Blackstone, who, in his *Commentaries*, says: "An hue . . . and cry, *hutesium et clamor*, is the old common law process of pursuing, with horn and with voice, all felons." And until 1839 the English *Police Gazette* used the phrase in its sub-title, which still survives in the *Police Gazette*; or, *Hue-and-Cry*, published every Tuesday and Friday for Ireland. Dickens often used the phrase, and every one knows how "six gentlemen upon the road" raised the hue-and-cry against poor Gilpin. In 1734 a critic of the *Northern Examiner* said he had "made hue-and-cry" all over some unlucky author's book, but found not what he sought. Reviewers might note the phrase.

"Humbug" is an instance of a word which sprang no one knows whence, and has survived by its own vitality. It dates from about 1750, when, in a paper of the time, it was noted:

There is a word very much in vogue with the people of taste and fashion, which though it has not even the "penumbra" of a meaning, yet makes up the sum total of the wit, sense, and judgment of the aforesaid people of taste and fashion! . . . I will venture to affirm that this Humbug is neither an English word, nor a derivative from any other language. It is indeed a blackguard sound, made use of by most people of distinction! It is a fine make-weight in conversation, and some great men deceive themselves so egregiously as to think they mean something by it!

Three years later, in the *Connoisseur*, Earl Orrery wrote: "Single words, indeed, now and then broke forth—such as *odious*, *horrible*, *detestable*, *shocking*, *Humbug*. The last new-coined expression, which is only to be found in the nonsensical vocabulary, sounds absurd and disagreeable whenever it is pronounced." Evidently the new word hit hard. It was jeered at as belonging only to the pretenders to wit. And for a time the word was used to denote a witticism. Killigrew's *Universal Jester* (1754) contained "a choice collection of . . . bon-mots and humbugs," and elsewhere we read of "sprightly humbugs and practical jokes." And in the north, and in Gloucestershire, a humbug was a sweetmeat.

Disraeli wrote in *Coningsby*: "A government of statesmen or of clerks? Of Humbug or of Humdrum?" The words are subtly antithetical, humdrum being always allied to respectability and lack of enterprise. It is doubtful, says Dr. Murray, whether the "drum" has any connexion with "hum" except by a very usual reduplicating process. "Humtrum" occurs as early as 1553; but the word begins to be frequent only in the eighteenth century. Its meaning is admirably suggested by Addison in his ninth *Spectator*: "The *Hum-Drum Club* . . . was made up of very honest Gentlemen, of peaceable Dispositions, that used to sit together, smook their Pipes, and say nothing till Mid-night." As a noun, denoting a dull person, the word occurs in Jonson's *Every*

*Man in His Humour*, and Mr. Blackmore says, in *Perlycross*: "There are none but hum-drums and jog-trots." "Humdrum" seems to have been suggested by the humming and sleeping of a top, and by low buzzing sounds conducive to slumber. The odd thing is that the same associations of rapid indistinct sound have caused the word "hum" to carry the opposite sense of activity. Mr. Kipling writes in *Many Inventions*: "The whole country was humming with Dacoits," and in America, and now in England, the significance of the word has been so forced up that to "make things hum" is to make them very lively indeed. Thus a new meaning becomes hostile to an older one. To "hum and ha," to hem and stroke one's beard, is to provoke the antagonist who wants to "make things hum." The question arises, did this intensification of the word hum take place in America? As in so many cases the answer is no! It is but a return to an old English sense. For while "hum" kept its associations of sleepiness and hesitation, or, at the most, a suppressed activity, the participle "humming" quite early detached itself for other duty. Thus, "caught in a humming lie" occurs in Gayton's *Notes* (1654), and a century later Horace Walpole notes that "*Humming* is a cant word for vast. A person meaning to describe a very large bird, said 'It was a *Humming Bird*.'" Could there be a quainter instance of the quarrels and divergences of words of the same family? Humming as applied to liquor meant effervescing and hence strong, intoxicating. "The wine was humming strong" says Sir Harry Wildair. But here the child had been forestalled by the parent. "Hum" meant strong or double ale long before Sir Harry Wildair's days. It is so used in Ben Jonson's *The Devil an Ass*, and Cotton writes in 1670: "The best Cheshire hum e'er drank in his life." Hence "hum-cap" a cant word for old, mellow beer, and—possibly—humpty-dumpty in its old meaning of ale boiled with brandy.

A phrase with a curious history is "humble pie." Why humble pie? Pies are not humble dishes, nor do most people feel humble when they are helped to pie. Eating the leek is quite another matter. We may not all be, like Pistol, "qualmish" at the smell of that wholesome vegetable, but his swallowing it under the blows of Fluellen is a picture which will for ever elucidate and consecrate the phrase. The explanation of "humble pie" may still be new to many. "Umbles" are the heart, liver, and other inward parts of the deer, and were the huntsman's perquisites. Dr. Brewer says: "When the lord and his household dined the venison pasty was served on the dais, but the humbles were made into a pie for the huntsman and his fellows." It seems reasonable, and Dr. Murray suggests that "humble pie" combines the two notions in a jocular way. According to Peacock, in *Maid Marian*, Robin Hood helped the sheriff to "numble pie . . . and other dainties of his table," but our impression has always been that the sheriff received on his platter the choicest cuts, and was made to eat "humble pie" only when his stomach was rejoiced and full.

It is interesting to find that "hush" as a substantive, meaning silence, was rarely used before this century. Dr. Murray suggests that Byron popularised this poetic use of the word. Thus in *Childe Harold*:

It is the hush of night, and all between  
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,  
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
Save darken'd Jura, whose cap heights appear  
Precipitously steep, etc.

Before Byron only two such examples are given, but later there are many. One might ramble on for hours in this well-ordered garden of words, facts, legends, and conceits. It is a harvesting of the past that Dr. Murray has undertaken, and not an ear of his gathered corn is empty or useless. But having set out to entertain, it becomes us not to weary. Abruptly, therefore, we horizontalise our pen.

### An Aftermath of Jowett.

*Letters of Benjamin Jowett.* Edited by Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell. (Murray.)

THIS volume contains miscellaneous letters of and documents concerning Jowett, which did not find a place in the *Life and Letters* of this remarkable man published two years ago by the same editors. They are arranged roughly under subjects, and reflect several of Jowett's leading interests. The first section is headed "Church Reform." Among its contents are a series of excerpts from Jowett's evidence before the 1871 Committee on Religious Tests—curious dialectic this—a scheme submitted to Stanley in 1853 for the reform of cathedral institutions in general and Canterbury in particular, and a rather noticeable letter "To a Friend, who was hesitating about accepting a living." This is a plea—casuistical, one must think—for signing the Thirty-nine Articles without weighing too closely your liberal acceptance of them. "Do you think religious scruples are a thing to be encouraged?" asks Jowett; and it is interesting to observe the close resemblance of the solutions to the problem of "tests" devised by the extreme High Church and the extreme Broad Church champions respectively. Newman would sign the Articles in "a non-natural sense"; Jowett would sign them "in a large and liberal spirit."

After the theology comes a long letter to Sir Charles Trevelyan, containing some valuable suggestions on Civil Service organisation; and this is followed by a number of letters on European Politics and on India. Many of these are written to Sir Robert Morier, in whose diplomatic career Jowett took the closest interest. "If all the letters to Morier," says Dr. Abbott, "were collected together, they would form the record of a watchful, unwearying friendship, outspoken yet sympathetic, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel." The volume concludes with a section of miscellaneous letters, and with a few "Notes and Sayings" collected from various sources. Mainly from these latter pages we put together a few remarks of critical value upon some of Jowett's contemporaries. Thus of Tait he writes:

I read through the Archbishop of Canterbury's charge yesterday. A very weak and, I think, foolish production, of which the effect will last for six months at the utmost. He assumes a certain air of moderation, but he calls everybody who differs from him scoffers and unbelievers. He inclines more than formerly to the High Church, and wants to make a league of all Christians against unbelievers on the basis of the supernatural. I respect him for his hard work and earnestness, but I feel almost a contempt for him when I read his writings.

Of Herbert Spencer:

There is a fellow named Herbert Spencer . . . who knows a little of physical science, and gives back to the scientific men their own notions in a more general form. Of course, they worship him as a god; and instead of being thought an empty sciolist, he is regarded by them as the philosopher of the future. I hope that we shall some day put a spoke in his wheel at Oxford, but at present he is rather swaggering and triumphant.

Of Matthew Arnold:

Mat Arnold is a great loss to me. He was one of my firmest and dearest and best friends. Every year I had a higher opinion of him. No one ever united so much kindness and light-heartedness with so much strength. He was the most sensible man of genius whom I have ever known, and the most free from personality; and his mind was very far from being exhausted.

Finally there is an interesting appreciation of Tennyson, written in 1861, after one of Jowett's annual visits to the poet's home:

The more I see of him the more I respect his character, notwithstanding a superficial irritability and uneasiness about all things. I have a pleasure in repeating this about him, because I find he is so greatly mistaken by

those who don't know him or only know him a little. No one is more honest, truthful, manly, or a warmer friend; but he is as open as the day, and, like a child, tells to any chance comer what is passing in his mind. He sometimes talks of going on with *King Arthur*. For my own part I hope he won't; he has made as much of it as the subject admits. Twenty years ago he formed a scheme for an epic poem on *King Arthur* in ten books: it is perhaps fortunate for himself that circumstances have prevented the completion of it. He dislikes Byron, but speaks very generously and warmly of Wordsworth. The subject on which I think he is most ready to converse—sometimes over a pipe—is (what do you think?) a future state, of which he always talks with a passionate conviction. He is the shyest person I ever knew, feeling sympathy and needing it to a degree quite painful. Please not to repeat this to the vulgar, who can never be made to understand that great mental troubles necessarily accompany such powers as he possesses. I should not tell it to you if I did not think you would comprehend it.

We do not think that the present book, any more than *The Life and Letters*, quite lets one into the "secret of Jowett." That, indeed, seems to have been an incommunicable thing, an affair of temperament and the personal relation, which the written word never quite managed to capture or convey. There have been such instances before—Sidney, for instance. The effect of Sidney upon the poets and men of action among whom he moved is certainly not adequately represented by some enigmatic sonnets and a frigid pastoral. And so it was with Jowett. The Jowett of the "Letters" is a busy man of the world, interested in many matters both practical and mental; a bit of a casuist, as we think; and certainly not averse to compromise. For the idealist you imagined you look in vain. There is sound common sense in every word; but hardly spiritual insight, hardly even the keener intellectual analysis. Yet that he was a spiritual force we know, from his friends and pupils. It was in the man then, and evaporated between pen and paper. On the other hand, of the *morale* of Jowett we are led to think more and more highly as we read. His steadfastness of purpose and sincere desire to do right are unmistakable. Thus he writes to Sir Robert Morier upon the double loss of Sir Robert's son and of poor Lewis Nettleship:

I think that sorrow should produce some good fruit in us, even though we are both rather tending to some kind of agnosticism. Tell me, old friend—it is a question that I ask myself—do I feel more desire to do good to others, more love of truth, more interest in important truths than formerly? Do I get better as I get older, or only keep on the accustomed tenor of my way? I think that sorrow should in some way be turned to good.

And there is a touching story in a footnote how, when Stanley lay dying, Jowett called at the Deanery to see him. Stanley, however, was already unconscious. Jowett, in considerable agitation, begged Canon Hugh Pearson to express to the Dean, should he recover, his "deep regret for having done so little, of late years, in support of his friend's continued efforts towards obtaining a greater latitude of opinion for the clergy."

DARK to its nest the light has gone;  
An unseen force prevails,  
And hands of storm lay hold upon  
The rigging and the sails.

High heaves the heart of night, and loud  
The water sobs and breaks,  
And overhead one helmet-cloud  
Its cap of darkness makes.

Strong wants whereto the welkin moves,  
They are but waifs like me;  
And all a storm of severed loves  
That strain across the sea!

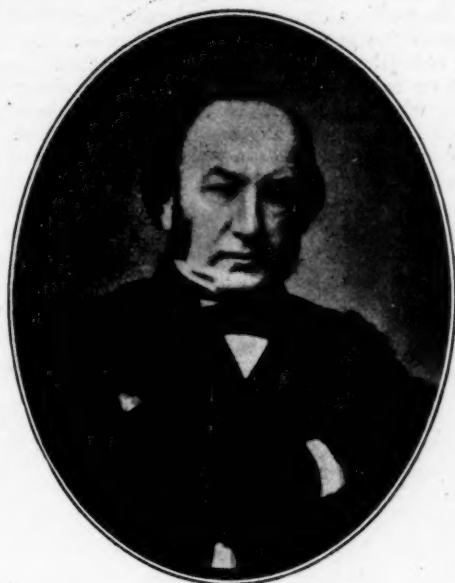
Laurence Housman in the "Dome,"



## A Master of Medicine.

*Claude Bernard.* By Sir Michael Foster, M.A., M.D., D.C.L., &c. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE "Masters of Medicine" series is a new step in the direction of popularising science. The list of names included in it—Hunter, Harvey, Simpson (the inventor of chloroform), Brodie, Helmholtz, Vesalius, &c.—places it on a higher range than the usual run of merely edifying



CLAUDE BERNARD.

biographies; and if the volume under notice be typical of the rest, it is plain that prominence will be given to the scientific achievements rather than the social side of the men selected. In the case of Bernard this may be partly due to lack of data as to his external life. Born on a vineyard in the St. Julien district of Beaujolais, he began his career in a chemist's dispensary at Lyons. The insight into the practice of medicine afforded him by this establishment, where all shop-sweepings were converted (like Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "bones and cold potatoes and broken pie-crusts and candle-ends") into a panacea for the deserving poor, drove him into literature, and on the profits of a one-act comedy he went up to Paris to seek his fortune with a maturer full-blown play in his pocket. The first advice he received, however, was to drop literature and stick to medicine, which he did, entering as a student in anatomy and physiology. His extraordinary dexterity in manipulation caused him to be appointed assistant to the great Magendie at the Collège de France, and here, in 1841, at the age of twenty-eight, he began those physiological studies which have made his name famous. Physiology at the time was practically under a ban. No proper laboratories or appliances existed for it; it was in a rudimentary state so far as knowledge went; and the experiments, performed under far less humane conditions than at present, were looked askance at by the police. Hampered as he was, however, Bernard speedily began to carry out important researches, first, as to the action and function of certain nerves, and, secondly, as to the digestive processes. The action of the pancreatic juice and the glycogenic function of the liver were his two main discoveries arising out of the latter investigation, and both were revolutionary in their influence over contemporary thought and knowledge. Sir Michael Foster gives, as a prelude to this branch of his subject, an account of the rival "vitalistic" and "physico-chemical" theories of organic life which prevailed at the time, and

which Bernard's labours practically settled. Those were days when a man of original ideas and experimental skill could make great basic discoveries, and lay the foundations of future knowledge. Bernard, however, did even more than this. In his work on the liver and its functions he not only laid the foundations but built up the whole structure of knowledge, which has scarcely been added to materially since. His next great subject of investigation carried him back to the earliest of his published researches, on the chorda tympani, in which he had been led to examine the action of nerves on blood-vessels and glands. It is a curious point that although no man was ever more systematic and logical in his experiments than Bernard, or less addicted to "fishing" for results, yet his great discoveries were mostly due to some side issue arising out of his work, which he had the genius to appreciate and follow up. The glycogenic function of the liver, for instance, was a discovery arising out of an inquiry into the causes and possible cure of diabetes. So, in his next investigation, which had for its immediate object to determine the influence of the nervous system on animal heat, by far the most important outcome was his discovery of the vaso-motor function of nerves. The value of this discovery was instantly appreciated and taken up by physiologists all over the world; but Bernard himself, in this case, though fully aware of its importance, did not follow it up to the end himself, being more interested in his calorific experiments.

Of Bernard's other work—his experiments on the physiological effect of poisons, especially of curare, the arrow-poison of the South American Indians, and his unfinished enquiry into fermentation, which partly corrected the magnificent work of Pasteur—Sir Michael Foster has much to say in a clear and lucid manner. Nor does he omit to point out how Bernard's record alone is a refutation of the calumny that physiologists have found out nothing important, urged by people who dislike their work on sentimental grounds. In this connexion it is interesting to note that all Bernard's experiments were undertaken with the object of explaining some obscure disease and discovering its cure. He was a physician first, and a physiological explorer second.

Personally, Bernard was one of those absorbed and reserved workers who take little interest in the political world outside them, and to whom fame comes without their seeking it. Of tall and splendid appearance, courteous, brilliant, and original, he was idolised by his students and much sought after by friends. Unhappily he married an ambitious and unsympathetic woman, whose only desire was for him to grow rich. His two daughters shared her shortcomings, and eventually retired with her into seclusion. At his death, in 1877, Bernard was honoured with a public funeral, and with almost national mourning, as one of the greatest men whose names adorned "La Patrie Reconnaissante." He was the first man of science to be so distinguished by his country, and Sir Michael Foster has done well to present in a book for English readers the true facts of his life and work, which are but little known, except in a form distorted to suit the purposes of the anti-vivisection propaganda.

## Modern Aphorisms.

REWARD is its own virtue.  
A living friend is better than a dead love.  
Ye cannot serve God and women.  
There's no fool like an old maid  
Of two evils choose the prettier.  
Never put off till to-morrow what you can wear to-night.  
Where there's a won't there's a way.  
Nonsense makes the heart grow fonder.  
Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might.  
The wages of sin is alimony.  
He who loves and runs away may live to love another day.

Carolyn Wells in the "Criterion."

## Other New Books.

FOLK-LORE IN BORNEO. BY WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS.

This is an unpretentious and attractive little monograph on the folk-lore of Borneo. The author aspires to present no more than a sketch of the curious beliefs held by some of the many tribes, differing from each other and separated by feuds and language, which make up the population of the island. The Borneans are savages of a rather high order, but their "fad" of head-hunting, as Mr. Furness calls it, makes them their own greatest enemies. This is the story of the Creation known to the Kayans of North-Western Borneo:

In the old, old days, when there was nothing but water and sky, there fell from the heavens an enormous rock; that part of it which protruded from the water was hard, slippery, and quite bare, with no soil nor plants upon it of any kind. After a long time, however, the rains produced slime upon the rock, and little worms, called *halang*, were bred in this slime, and they bored into the rock, and left fine sand outside of their barrows; this sand eventually became soil and covered the rock. Again years passed and the rock remained barren of all other life until suddenly there dropped from the Sun a huge wooden handle of a *Parang* (or sword) known as *Hauw Malat*. This parang-handle sank deep into the rock, and, taking root in the soil, it sprouted and grew into a great tree, named *Batang Utar Tatei*, whose branches stretched out over the new land in every direction. When this tree was fully grown, there dropped from the Moon a long rope-like vine known as the *Jikwan Tali*. This vine quickly clung to the tree and took root in the rock. Now the vine, *Jikwan Tali*, from the Moon became the husband of the tree, *Batang Utar Tatei*, from the Sun, and *Batang Utar Tatei* gave birth to twins, a male and a female, not of the nature of a tree, but more or less like human beings.

The head-hunting rests its continuance on the belief that the taking of a head is necessary in order to reach the Bornean heaven.

The Kayan Hades is believed to be under ground, and like the Hades of the ancient Greeks, there is a guide to the entrance who corresponds to a certain extent to Charon. But their river Styx is not a stream, but a deep and wide ditch, through which flow ooze and slime swarming with worms and maggots; the souls of the departed must cross over this ditch, not by a ferry, but by means of a fallen tree-trunk, guarded by the great demon *Maligang*, who challenges all comers, and if they have no record of bravery he shakes the tree-trunk until they fall into the ditch below and are eternally tortured by the devouring worm that dieth not. Over the land of spirits presides the great demon *Laki Tenangan*, who assigns the souls to their proper place, and sees that they get their deserts, whether good or bad.

This Hades is divided into five regions, one of which is the joyless abode of suicides. In the Ling Yang region dwell the spirits of the drowned, who soon become exceedingly rich. "All the goods lost in rivers by the capsizing of boats in the rapids, or when they run foul of a snag in deep water, go into the coffers of the dwellers in Ling Yang."

Mr. Furness concludes with this human touch. He tells how he heard a Bornean mother crooning to her child the equivalent of "Hush thee my baby!" Thus:

From the River's mouth the birds are straying,  
And the Baiyo's topmost leaves are swaying;  
The little chicks cheep,  
Now my little one sleep,  
For the black house-lizard, with glittering eye,  
And the gray-haired Laki Laieng are nigh!  
Sleep, dear little one, sleep!

A few admirable photographs are scattered through Mr. Furness's pages. (Privately printed, Wallingford, Pennsylvania.)

THE ADVENTURES OF LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT.

BY HIMSELF.

The reader must make what he can of this book in the light of its contents and of the controversies which have raged around M. de Rougemont's narrative. The words, "As Told by Himself," on the title-page, seem to be the only concession which the editor and publishers make to public incredulity and scientific protest. Mr. Fitzgerald, the discoverer of M. de Rougemont, is his champion still. He tells us that "the Swiss Cantons glowed with pride on his account, and the great journals of France, pointing to the great world-renowned man, threw back at us our old jibe that a Frenchman cannot successfully colonise or rule savage races. There are many men in England who know Australia. Most of these wanted to get at de Rougemont, in order to overwhelm him. Many had the opportunity, and were soon converted into devoted adherents. The man was, in fact, a veritable Mahdi among the sceptics—those sceptics, that is, who had opportunities of conversing with him." The last phrase would seem to indicate that even Mr. Fitzgerald doubts whether the bare narrative can carry conviction. The opportunity of conversing with M. de Rougemont is not sold with the book. (Newnes, Ltd. 6s.)

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

PAR ACHILLE VIALATE.

We do not gather that M. Viallate has any affection for his hero; but he treats him, at any rate so far as English domestic politics are concerned, in the dry light of the scientific spirit, and the resultant portrait seems to us, on the whole, a very fair one. Some modification of this judgment is, however, required when we come to the later chapters of the book which deal with Mr. Chamberlain as the Colonial Secretary of the present Government. Like most of his fellow-countrymen, M. Viallate is smarting under the sting of Fashoda, and he is inclined to see the statesman whom he believes to have been the instigator of England's attitude with regard to that affair a little in the black.

It is to be observed, too, that M. Viallate has no hesitation as to the part played by Mr. Chamberlain in the Jameson Raid. He says:

Certainly the English Government has denied that it had any knowledge of that immoral attempt before it took place; but the singularly contemptuous attitude of the Colonial Secretary before the Parliamentary Committee appointed to investigate the affair permits the assumption that Mr. Chamberlain would have thought himself remarkably clumsy, and perhaps even remarkably blame-worthy, if he had been so ill-informed. It is true that, as soon as Jameson's departure was officially known, he did not lose a second in telegraphing to the Cape to stop it by every possible expedient. But, most unfortunately, it just happened that the telegraph wire between the Cape and Pitsani had been cut. Who could have expected it?

M. Viallate's uncharitable view is also that taken by no less learned a student of English politics than M. Boutmy himself. M. Boutmy says outright of Mr. Chamberlain: "He conceived and prepared the Jameson expedition against the Transvaal, the result of which is notorious." Neither writer appears to think that the matter is one upon which there can be two opinions; and the bias which we cannot but feel that they show, when compared with the reasonable and impartial tone of the larger part of the book, is only another illustration of the extraordinary difficulty of arriving at a scientific treatment of events and personalities which are still the focus of controversy. Obviously any book attempting to sum up Mr. Chamberlain is a "little previous." (Paris: Alcan.)



## Fiction.

*The Virgins of the Rocks.* Translated from the Italian of Gabriele D'Annunzio by Agatha Hughes. (Heinemann, 6s.)

DECIDEDLY this is the best of D'Annunzio's novels yet translated into English. Free from the sinister and obscene characteristics of the trilogy strangely called *The Romances of the Rose*, it exists in a purer and more lofty air; and, though one is conscious of a certain ebb and flow in the fundamental imaginative power, the sum and quality of beauty obtained is immeasurably finer, richer, more considerable, than in any previous work. Realistic, of course—for D'Annunzio would be the last man in Europe to trifle sentimentally with fact—*The Virgins of the Rocks* is, nevertheless, the fruit of an implacable reaction against the realism of French schools, that realism which we in England have apparently just discovered. It is a spiritual novel. The trivialities of daily corporeal life have no place in it: they are assumed. Even time and place seem to be ignored as inessential. The period is vaguely suggested by political reference, and we are told of an ancient palace furnished with mirrors wherein the three cloistered and beautiful heroines behold their own sorrow, but beyond this the action of the drama moves almost unfettered by physical limitation. There is nothing like it in English fiction, and very little in French; Maurice Barrès' *Le Jardin de Bérénice* alone occurs to us as having points of similarity in the manner of conception. It shows that the novel, as a form of imaginative art, has not yet reached the zenith of serious significance; that there are in it not only æsthetic but philosophic and even didactic possibilities which remain to be generally exploited. That such an exploitation when it happens will demand from novel readers an increased mental activity and a more complete surrender, and will therefore encounter an opposition of ridicule, is beyond question. Nevertheless it will happen, is indeed now happening. Hitherto the novel has been regarded (if you look the fact squarely in the face) as an aid to digestion. The public has said to its novelists: "We have dined. Now divert us." And even a Balzac has not disdained to comply. To its poets the public would never dare to offer such effrontery. A change will come. The time approaches when we shall have to "tackle" our novels as we tackle *Paradise Lost*, or *The Ring and the Book*, or the score of *Tristan und Isolde*.

We do not imply that *The Virgins of the Rocks* is, to use the slang term, difficult. It is not difficult. But it is grave, weightily philosophic. It is far from being a "story," and its beauty, while full of enchantment, is profoundly austere. Briefly expressed, the book is a relation of the adventures of a man's soul among the souls of three women. Claudio is an egotist in the best and sternest sense; his one aim is to cultivate himself. By descent and by conviction he is an aristocrat. Here is one of his axioms:

The world represents the sensibility and the thought of a few superior men who created it, and in the course of time have enlarged and adorned it, and who in the future will continue to enlarge and adorn it more and more. The world, as it appears to us to-day, is a magnificent gift from the few to the many, from free men to slaves, from those who think and feel to those who work. . . . I recognised my own highest ambition in the desire to bring some ornament, to add some new value to this human world which is being eternally embellished by beauty and sorrow.

And this is his aim:

Thou, therefore, shalt labour to carry out thy own destiny and that of thy race. Thou shalt have before thy eyes at the same time the premeditated plan of thy existence and the vision of an existence superior to thine own. Thou shalt live in the idea that each life being the sum-

total of past lives is the condition of future lives. Thou shalt not, therefore, look upon thyself only as the beginning, aim, and end of thy own destiny, but thou shalt feel the whole value and the whole weight of the inheritance received from thy ancestors, which thou must transmit to thy descendant countersigned with the stamp of thy most vigorous characteristics. Let the supreme conception of thy dignity be founded on the certainty, so sure in thee, that thou art the preserving link of a multifold energy which to-morrow, or after the lapse of a century, or at some indefinite time, may reassert itself in a sublime manifestation. But hope that it may be to-morrow!

The words which we have italicised are specially important, since the theme of the book is Claudio's savouring of the souls of the three sisters, Massimilla, Anatolia, and Violante, in order to choose his proper mate. Upon the drawing of these women, the first—type of the adoring slave, the second—type of the mother and healer, the third—type of the imperial sovereign, D'Annunzio has lavished all his powers. He has striven here to create the loftiest beauty, and he has created it. These rare creatures, sad with the melancholy of a race about to decay, radiant with the final splendour which precedes dissolution, wistful by reason of a destiny never to be satisfied, move through the drama with a feminine perfection of bodily and spiritual elegance seldom equalled and certainly never surpassed in any previous prose fiction. The imaginary utterances by which each, to Claudio's secret fancy, reveals herself are shaped in a manner which is simply masterly:

"A boundless desire for slavery makes me suffer," says Massimilla silently, as she sits on the stone seat, her hands, with fingers interwoven, clasped round her weary knee. "I have not the gift of communicating happiness; but my whole being, more than any other creature, more than any inanimate thing, is ready to become the perfect and perpetual possession of a master.

A boundless desire for slavery makes me suffer. I am devoured by an unquenchable yearning to give myself up entirely, to belong to a higher and stronger being, to dissolve myself in his will, to burn like a holocaust in the fire of his great soul. . . .

I am she who listens, admires, and is silent.

From my birth I bear on my forehead between my eyebrows the sign of attention.

I have learned from the calm and intensity of statues the immobility of harmonious attitude. I can keep my eyes open and turned upwards for a long time, because my eyelids are light.

The shape of my lips forms the living and visible image of the word 'Amen.'

Claudio, after an interlude with Massimilla, turns by right instinct to Anatolia, who was assuredly born to be the mother of great men. But Anatolia, glowing with the consciousness of duty to her venerable father, her mad mother, and her fragile brothers, refuses him. She was wrong, because she loved him; but she was a woman. So the book ends, inconclusively, demanding a sequel. We shall look forward to the succeeding parts of the trilogy, *La Grazia* and *L'Annunziata*, which in due course are to appear in English. If these are translated as well as *The Virgins of the Rocks* they will be models of good translation.

*Dead Oppressors.* By Thomas Pinkerton.  
(Swan Sonnenschein.)

MR. PINKERTON deserves a wider popularity than has hitherto been his portion. Some nine or ten novels stand to his name, but that name is not familiar to the public. Yet Mr. Pinkerton has a most engaging and original wit, and a very genuine imagination. We anticipated excellence in *Dead Oppressors*. We were not disappointed. Indeed, the quality of its excellence, despite certain shortcomings, surprised us. Mr. Pinkerton deals

with the fortunes of an old aristocratic family, and an old town intimately connected therewith. The Birlingfords and Old Millington were alike rotten, impoverished, eaten up with inherited vice and present malpractices, existing feebly under the sinister shadow of those "dead oppressors" their ancestors. Here is a characteristic description of the town:

The chief feature of Old Millington was a triangular space in the centre of the town, known as "The Stallage," perhaps from some old market-stall impost that had used to be levied there centuries ago. It was bordered by the chief public buildings, the estate office, and the dens of the leading solicitors, who lived sparsely on what was left of Old Millington, like moths upon an old rug. These buildings were so alike in a sort of bald, hapless decrepitude and liability to sudden collapse as to floor or stairs or ceiling, that it seemed almost as if they were the product of some sort of architectural commingling of first cousins. There was more appearance than stability about them. They were old houses, with bad circulations and constitutions, but new fronts. Now and then one of them had some disastrous internal complaint, not too easy to diagnose, though the term dry-rot might cover much; just as every now and then one of their occupiers would put out a limb through weakness, or settle down to a two months' dozy illness, for no apparent reason except, perhaps, that he was connected by marriage with nearly every other occupant of "The Stallage," and that he was the result of generations of such close connexion. The rest might, and probably did, congratulate themselves on such occasions, just as the skipper of one of an unseaworthy fleet of worn-out coasters might be glad, when he saw a colleague lose a spar, that it was not him this time.

The hero of the tale is Lord Eric Langdon, second son of the old Marquis, a young man of noble impulses, but thin-blooded and unsure of himself at a crisis. Lord Eric falls in love with Dalica Desmond, beautiful daughter of the pugnacious and scholarly Irish rector, a girl nourished on Greek and trout-fishing. Dalica caught trout for a living, and also wrote for Radical newspapers. She was a creature in every way superior to Eric; nevertheless, she loved him, and Dalica in love is superb. Mr. Pinkerton makes a real triumph in his love-scenes. They have the beat of a sane animal passion that would have pleased Théophile Gautier. Dalica might have been derived from Mademoiselle de Maupin.

It was inevitable that Lord Eric should come into the title, as it was also inevitable that he should, yielding once only to atavism, throw over Dalica and marry a couple of millions. Such happenings, though conventional, are excusable in a book whose strength and interest are not in its plot. But we think that Mr. Pinkerton exceeded his proper license when he made Lord Eric's son by his wife fall in love with Lord Eric's daughter by Dalica. The trick is stale and ineffective. It merely annoys. The culminating disaster, which swallows up the line of Langdon, is, however, well managed and compels sympathy.

Without exception the characters are finely and firmly drawn. The old Marquis is a sketch such as we seldom get in modern fiction. The analysis of Dalica's mother and the racial forces at work in her (pp. 175-179) is simply masterly. Mr. Desmond himself is an admirable creation.

*Dead Oppressors* is a notable novel. Had it been written with a little more dignity (and, let us add, grammatical correctness), and with a little more patient building-up of detail, it would have counted among the best novels of the year. Its spirit, its originality, and its imagination are indubitable.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SIREN CITY.

BY BENJAMIN SWIFT.

A new volume by the author of *Nancy Noon*, *The Tormentor*, and *The Destroyer* is a welcome incident. As we

stated a fortnight ago, *Siren City* deals with the disillusion of an international marriage. The hero is an Englishman, and the "Siren City," where the chief characters foregather, is Naples. (Methuen. 6s.)

A SON OF THE STATE.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

This is the last addition to the sixpenny "Novelist" Library. It is a close study of the humours of low life in London. "The round white September moon lighted up Pitfield-street from end to end." Now Pitfield-street is in Hoxton, and Mr. Ridge has aforetime proved that he knows his "Oxton." (Methuen. 6d.)

THE HACIENDA ON THE HILL.

BY RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

The histories of the Spanish-American War have been many: the novels, we suppose, will now begin. This story, by the author of *My Official Wife*, introduces us to the Spanish and Cuban armies, and includes General Weyler in its list of characters. (Routledge. 2s. 6d.)

A SON OF RIMMON.

Y ATHOL FORBES.

This novel, by the author of *Cassock and Comedy*, takes its colour from the following proposition in the preface: "The belief in witchcraft is not dead. The next question follows naturally, Is there anything in witchcraft? To this I unhesitatingly reply, I believe there is; and this idea has moulded the character of the priest in the present volume." (Jarrold. 3s.)

I.

BY MARJORIE WILLIAMSON.

Confessedly a first book. It is a very short story, filling sixty-nine tiny pages. Fragile, sentimental, but not unpromising. (Arrowsmith. 6d.)

LOVE SHALL REIGN SUPREME.

BY G. S. ASTINS.

We read that Lucy Brookfield

was clad in a loose-fitting garment that graced her perfect figure with charming easiness, and as she rested her head upon her lily-hued hand, she appeared to Geoffrey as some beautiful statue: too lovely to be of the living, too divine to lay claim to the essence of mortality; yet her bosom throbbed beneath the silky wavelets of her dress, and her face was suffused with the roseate hues of life; silently they bore witness to the fact that her loveliness was in very truth a living reality.

Gracious! Mr. Astins should study everyday people and things. (North Herefordshire Publishing Co.)

MATTHEW QUIN, WILD BEAST AGENT.

BY W. MURRAY GRAYDON.

Red-hot reading for boys. Quin gives his experiences in successive chapters, with such taking titles as these: *The Outwitting of Tharadeen*, *the Dacoit—The Mystery of the Wrecked Circus Train*, &c. We were boys once, and it does us good to find the old note rung again on the tocsin of melodrama:

On and on through the fleet night air, to the music of galloping hoofs and the clank of arms. Mile after mile slipped behind, and the Indians were gaining steadily. Then a silver gleam flashed close ahead, and the fugitives drew rein on the brink of the Rio Gila. But now the river was full and flowing swiftly—there must have been heavy rains near its head. In the middle of the three-hundred-yard current rose a little island, covered with stones and bushes.

"It's all right," said Calkins. "This ford is passable in high water; and it's the only one that is for fifty miles in both directions."

The horses plunged into the surging tide, and without once getting off their feet they carried their riders safely to the island. It was shaped somewhat like a bowl, the rim of which was formed of loose rocks and bushes. Quin examined the spot with a critical eye—with a plan taking form in his mind.

(James Henderson. 3d.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## The Love of Jeremy Taylor.

THE phrase is Charles Lamb's. He felt that a love of Jeremy Taylor's works is one of the good things of life, and he would not have his friends miss it. In 1796 he had not awakened to this need. The postscript to a letter to Coleridge in that year runs: "I will get *Nature and Art*: have not seen it yet, nor any of Jeremy Taylor's works." Three years later, writing to Manning, Lamb refers to Taylor casually, lightly. But in 1801 he wrote two long letters about Jeremy Taylor to his young Quaker friend—one might almost say his pupil in literary taste—Robert Lloyd. He deals with an inquiry of Lloyd's as to a selection from Jeremy Taylor's works, replying plumply: "It cannot be done, and if it could it would not take with John Bull. It cannot be done, for who can disentangle and unthread the rich texture of Nature and Poetry, sewn so thick into a stout coat of theology, without spoiling both *lace* and *coat*?" And then, with instances pat, and similes all Elian, he seeks to show the folly of the task.

We do not doubt that Elia was right. Still, the doctrine of the indivisibility of Taylor's, of Shakespeare's, and of our best writers' works is somewhat of a counsel of perfection; and Lamb's own *Selections from the Old Dramatists* countenance an easier view. It is significant that Lloyd did want a selection, and significant that very soon, to be precise, in 1805, a *Selection of Thoughts of Divines and Philosophers* was published, wherein Jeremy Taylor is regnant over a third of the pages. This was compiled by Basil Montagu, a writer on legal subjects, who brought to his task excellent moral intentions, but little taste or sense of artistic arrangement. However, his book ran through several editions, and the author's hope that it would contain "the slip for use, and part of the root for growth" has no doubt been fulfilled, since no set of selections from Jeremy Taylor could fail to furnish passages of fine teaching. It is, however, as a treasury of English prose, and not, we imagine, as a guide to conduct or an incentive to piety, that Montagu's book has just been reprinted by Mr. Dent in the "Temple Classics" series." In an age which has no time to pore over folios, and is shy of anything like dusty divinity, the collection may "take with John Bull," but we could wish that a new editor had been asked to select and arrange the best passages of Taylor, South, Latimer, and Hall.

It was on April 6, 1801, that Charles Lamb sent to Robert Lloyd the glowing panegyric on Taylor, which Mr. Lucas had the privilege to make public property last year in his *Charles Lamb and the Lloyds*. In this letter Lamb glories in inducting Lloyd into the presence of "Doctor Jeremy Taylor, Late Lord Bishop of Down and Connor in Ireland, and Administrator of the See of Dromore." Such are the titles which his sounding title-pages give him, and I love the man, and I love his paraphernalia, and I like to name him with all his attributions and additions." And then Lamb directs his friend to passage after passage. And first to "a simile of a rose, or, more truly, many

similes within simile," in the first chapter of *Holy Dying*. Here it is:

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth and the fair cheeks and the full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so I have seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece: but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman.

Will it be believed that in Basil Montagu's page the passage ends thus:

and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell, &c.

and that the editor of the "Temple Classics" permits this mutilated version to stand?

"Or for another specimen," continues Lamb—and with what a sober certainty of true guidance we await his word—"turn to the story of the Ephesian matron in the second section of the fifth chapter of the same *Holy Dying*." "Read it to yourself," he goes on, "and show it to Plumstead (with my Love, and bid him write to me), and ask him if WILLY himself has ever told a story with more circumstances of FANCY and HUMOUR." We obey, and find the bishop is discoursing on grief. "But that which is to be faulted in this particular is, when the grief is immoderate and unreasonable," which excess, he says, soon exhausts the very ability to grieve, and opens the door to contrary affections, "while a sorrow that is even and temperate goes on to . . . the distances of a past time." Which proposition he supports with this story:

The Ephesian woman that the soldier told of in Petronius was the talk of all the town, and the rarest example of a dear affection to her husband. She descended with the corpse into the vault, and there being attended with her maiden, resolved to weep to death, or die with famine or a distempered sorrow: from which resolution, nor his nor her friends, nor the reverence of the principal citizens, who used the entreaties of their charity and their power, could persuade her. But a soldier that watched seven dead bodies hanging upon trees just over against this monument, crept in, and a while stared upon the silent and comely disorders of the sorrow: and having let the wonder awhile breathe out at each other's eyes, at last he fetched his supper and a bottle of wine, with purpose to eat and drink, and still to feed himself with that sad prettiness. His pity and first draught of wine made him bold and curious to try if the maid would drink; who, having many hours since felt her resolution faint as her wearied body, took his kindness, and the light returned into her eyes, and danced like boys in a festival: and fearing lest the pertinaciousness of her mistress's sorrows should cause her evil to revert, or her shame to approach, assayed whether she would endure to hear an argument to persuade her to drink and live. The violent passion had laid all her spirits in wildness and dissolution, and the maid found them willing to be gathered into order at the arrest of any new object, being weary of the first, of which like leeches they had sucked their fill till they fell down and burst. The weeping woman took her cordial, and was not angry with her maid, and heard the soldier talk. And he was so pleased with the change, that he, who at first loved the silence of the sorrow, was more in love with the music of her returning voice, especially which himself had strung and put in tune; and the man began to talk amorously, and the woman's weak head and heart were soon possessed with a little wine, and grew gay, and talked, and fell in love;

and that very night, in the morning of her passion, in the grave of her husband, in the pangs of mourning, and in her funeral garments, married her new and stranger guest.

A prudent as well as a partial counsellor, Lamb warns Lloyd to read Bishop Taylor with allowances, and to skip or "patiently endure" his tedious discourses on rites and ceremonies, the Clerical function, the Eucharist, and other doctrinal and polemical matters. But he is, "above all," to try to get Taylor's tract on *Measures and Offices of Friendship*. In Basil Montagu's collection the extracts from this *opusculum* fill about ten pages—pages written in gold. We select a single passage:

I will love a worthy friend that can delight me as well as profit me, rather than him who cannot delight me at all, and profit me no more; but yet I will not weigh the gayest flowers, or the wings of butterflies, against wheat; but when I have to choose wheat, I may take that which looks the brightest. I had rather see thyme and roses, marjorum and July flowers that are fair and sweet and medicinal, than the prettiest tulips that are good for nothing; and my sheep and kine are better servants than racehorses and greyhounds. And I shall rather furnish my study with Plutarch and Cicero, with Livy and Polybius, than with Cassandra and Ibrahim Bassa; and if I do give an hour to these for divertisement or pleasure, yet I will dwell with them that can instruct me, and make me wise and eloquent, severe and useful to myself and others.

Said not Charles Lamb truly that Jeremy Taylor's similes and allusions "are taken, as the bees take honey, from all the youngest, greenest, exquisitest parts of nature, from plants, and flowers, and fruit, young boys and virgins, from little children perpetually, from sucking infants, babies' similes, roses, gardens . . . where no foul thoughts keep leets and holidays."

And although Jeremy Taylor often rose to the empyrean of contemplation, or was often concerned with the nearness of death, yet he was sometimes the smiling and practical counsellor, enlarging on friendship, nature, conversation, and on the pleasures of marriage. Of marriage the Bishop gives this account:

Marriage is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duty of parents and the charity of relations; here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre; marriage is the nursery of heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God; but she carries but one soul to Him; but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than the single life; it hath more care, but less danger; it is more merry, and more sad; is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful.

Jeremy Taylor was far too ripe a gentleman to be a traducer of life and its good things. Well did George Rust, Bishop of Dromore, say over his grave: "He was a rare humanist . . . hugely versed in all the polite parts of learning . . . not unacquainted with the refined wits of the later ages, whether French or Italian . . . courteous, and affable, and of easy access." Quoth Lamb, "I love the man." How could he choose but love the stately divine—Late Lord Bishop of Down and Connor in Ireland, and Administrator of the See of Dromore—who could temper instruction with words like these:

Here is pleasure enough for a christian at present; and, if a facete discourse, and an amicable, friendly mirth can refresh the spirit, and take it off from the vile temptation of peevish, despairing, uncomplaining melancholy, it must needs be innocent and commendable. And we may as well be refreshed by a clean and a brisk discourse, as by the air of Campanian wines; and our faces and our heads may as well be anointed and look pleasant with wit and friendly intercourse, as with the fat of the balsam-tree; and such a conversation no wise man ever did or ought to reprove.

There Jeremy Taylor spoke in Charles Lamb's ear.

## Things Seen.

### A City That Was: Her Past.

THE teeth of Winchelsea are drawn, her claws are pared. Archers no longer man the battlements of this Gibraltar of the plains. Kings and queens visit her no more. Never again will her harbour give asylum to the entire British fleet. Her harbour? It is no more! Once the sea washed three sides of Winchelsea. The sea is now a blue streak on the horizon. Where the British fleet rocked at anchor, the arms of the commanders embroidered on the sails, the red cross blazoned on the white shirts of the mariners, are now green fields and corn lands, little dykes, and rambling rivers, patient kine, innumerable sheep, and white winding roads. Perched three hundred feet above the roaming plains, perched on her arable and wooded rock, very old, very content, Winchelsea dozes. A thousand years of triumphant life are behind her. Great things were done within her walls. But—*finis*. She makes no more history. "I was!"—that should be the motto carved on her crumbling gates. To-day I stand on her grass-grown battlements: I close my eyes, and straight the splendid past of the two Wincheseas—the Old and the New—streams ghostlike through the lanes of history. The Winchelsea on whose grass-grown battlements I stand musing is the New, a child of six hundred years. Old Winchelsea fished and fought and failed down there in the marshes where Camber Castle sprawls like a fungus on the plains.

Six hundred years ago Old Winchelsea fell asleep in the arms of the sea. Her fate was her fate—preordained, inevitable. She was never a land city. The sea was her foster-mother. To the sea she belonged, and one day of masterful storm the old longing became too strong, and Old Winchelsea went back to the sea.

"I will go back to the great sweet mother,  
Mother and lover of men, the sea.  
I will go down to her, I and none other,  
Close with her, kiss her and mix her with me."

But the sea was the Ancient Foe, not the foster-mother, of the sailormen of Old Winchelsea. So when the waves roared down the streets and spat at their hearths, they shook their matted locks from their eyes, and climbing this rock, grass-grown and wooded, squatted on the height far out of reach of the sea, and prayed for help: sure, being sailormen and pious, that help would come. It came: royal help. Edward the First built New Winchelsea on this rock, 300 feet above the sea. He divided the land (there were 150 acres within its walls) into thirty-nine spaces of equal size, and in the chiefest he reared a great church, some of which Time has spared to this day. Through the city east and west, north and south, he drove broad, straight streets, and for two hundred years New Winchelsea was second to no seaport town in England.

One day in the year 1350 rises before me. Citizens and archers hustle one another on the walls; the streets are aflame with banners; men in armour peer through the gates; for out there in the bay a roaring fight is in progress, and Edward the Third and the Black Prince are each commanding ships of the Winchelsea squadron. That fight went well for England: the capture of twenty-six Spanish galleons was what the men of Winchelsea had to show; and sitting here on the grass-grown battlements this lazy summer afternoon, looking over the sun-steeped marshes, I hear, I think, the shouting as Edward and the Black Prince, stained with blood, tumbled by battle, climb the hill, and swagger through the shouting, joyous people. But it was the French this old city fought oftenest. Three times was Winchelsea burnt and sacked, and bitter and many were her reprisals. She lived amid fire and slaughter, for might was right, and all who were not of our breed were against us. And throughout all those perils of conquest and retaliation, in a green field beyond the city



wall, stark against the sky, stood the Holy Rood of Winchelsea—the Holy Rood—gaunt, bare, minatory, comforting, guarded by two friars who lived close by in the home of the Holy Cross. It confronted travellers as they approached the town from the land side; that great, grave symbol stayed in their memory after they had left the portcullised gate far behind. In the evening its shadow crossed the city, in the morning its shadow fell upon the sea. The sea! Ah! it was the sea, not the fury of the French, nor the Spaniards, nor the Dutch, nor the inconstancy of kings that brought New Winchelsea low. The sea conquered Old Winchelsea by an embrace. She overcame New Winchelsea by deserting her.

### Her Present.

I stand upon a mound of stones, once the northern angle of the city wall. These few stones are all that remain of the tower, whence the harbour master commanded the great haven. Again and again he saw his monarch, an army aboard his ships, sail forth to victory. I see only the sun-steeped plain, encompassing three sides of this ancient city—the plain of corn lands, and green lands, and dwarf bushes dark against the rich grasses; the plain of white, winding roads, little dykes, and bright rivers; the plain where innumerable sheep, scattered and patient, graze, and, day by day, the temperate breezes blow. On the west stretch the green hills of Udimore. Far away to the east the thin emerald belt of the sea curves and clasps the land. Up here, where the ancient city dozes in the sunshine and men are hale at ninety, nothing ever happens. King Edward's church still dominates the little houses that nestle about her. Sheep graze in the churchyard. In the corner where stood the campanile whose bells the French captured and carried away a painter sits. The sails of a windmill flap leisurely on the site of the outlook castle. Nothing happens at Winchelsea now. It is a place people pass through. They call her sweet, and photograph her—that is all. She lingers, a veteran on the stage of history. But who would have her changed? Sedate, peaceful, beautiful is she in her old age. As day declines, and the setting sun touches the waterways, and the flocks of homing birds pick themselves out black against the luminous sky, a great peace falls on the old city, and on those who have chosen her—that peace which is the attribute of lands where the eye can roam from horizon to horizon. Here, in later times, came Thackeray to write *Dennis Duval*, Millais to paint a picture, and Coventry Patmore to brood his thoughts into a little volume, quiet and suggestive as the ancient city herself—quiet as her night mood, the great, felt darkness over her plains—dark, dark, save for the lights on Dungeness, the swift-passing lamps of the distant liners, and all the stars.

### Pierre Loti's Outlook

LOTI's new book, *Reflets sur la Sombre Route* (Paris: Calman Lévy), is no story, but the desultory, broken record of a vagabond-soul's saunterings in those shadowy aisles and dusky groves which lie so far away from the glaring well-trodden high-road along which the average novelist methodically jogs. Fugitive impressions of atmosphere, melting nuances of mood are captured, more with a view to please the author's own taste than the reader's. The subdued musical chant of Loti's prose (heard in all his pages, but never stale) gives something like artistic harmony and form to the disjointed matter. Little is new in the new Loti, for Loti is always Loti, even when he masquerades as a Mohammedan to make love to Aziyadé, or as the Japanese lover de Madame Chrysanthème. Again, in *Reflets sur la Sombre Route* we have the same sailor of sentiment and emotion

sucking melancholy from every landscape, flying from the commonplace of everyday material life to the realms of phantastic illusion. He is an æsthetic coquette who seeks ever a pose from which he views all things through a glamour, loses sight of reality in a mirage, and thus is saved from himself—more haunted than ever by his horror of the barren, unchanging monotony of the eternal.

Loti shrinks, too, from the universality of annihilation, from the "Triumph of Death." With the acute sensibility of some of d'Annunzio's heroes, he is a slave in the bondage of sensuous impressions. The tempo of modern life irritates him, and his subtle receptivity rebels against it. His nerves are swept like the strings of a harp with a pervading pity, the sense of tears in mortal things. Death paints itself for him in the fading colours of autumnal scenery in foreign zones, pictures of silence and coming nothingness. Out of this mood grows a sympathy, tender and Buddha-æscue, with all groaning and travelling creation, compassion for the weary and toilworn and for the aged, bent under the burden of existence. There is nothing active or philanthropic in such wide sympathy. It is the fellowship merely of one whose soul recoils and freezes to inaction at the misery he sees. Characteristic of this attitude is the fact that his sympathies are more keenly aroused for the sufferings of beasts than of men. In the *Reflets* Loti tells us of his last hunt; how the expression of death in the eyes of the baited brute moved him to anguish and to the resolve never to hunt again.

Here he devotes a whole chapter to cats and dogs, and the theme rouses him from his dreamy apathy. Physically robust, full-blooded men of action, says Loti, choose the dog for their comrade, but men of intellect and nerves favour the graceful, supple cat. It is not the first time by any means that Loti has paid his tribute to the charms of the feline race. Who that has read *Aziyadé* will forget the silent part played by a cat in the lovers' bower of Stamboul? Every fibre of Loti vibrates to the subject in this dog and cat chapter. Full of gentle drollery he jests over the dog's grotesque mode of social intercourse: his pompous buffoonery, the air of official importance he adopts in affairs, that men from their superior vantage ground regard as impropriety. Loti laughs over it all with the gaiety of a child.

This reminds me of a passage in Turgenev's *Prose Poems*, where he describes himself sitting alone with his dog, and meeting his canine gaze:

We are the same creatures; in both of us glows the same tremulous little flame. Death is hurrying onwards to sweep us away with one flap of his cold broad wing. . . . And then all will be over. Who will then decide what was the difference between my flame and yours? No, it is not man and brute who are exchanging glances, but two pairs of equal eyes looking into each other.

Loti might have been the author of such a reflection, just as Loti might have written that page "On the Sea," when Turgenev found himself without human companionship on the deck of a steamer with a small monkey: "The captain, a taciturn man, smoked his short pipe, and spat angrily into the calm sea." Taking the paw of the miserable, shivering little monkey in his hand, he goes on: "The little fellow ceased his whimpers and shivered no more. . . . The mist enveloped us like a soothing wrap, and we sat side by side as if we had been near relations. . . ." More and more has Loti wandered of late from that great panorama of his youth, *La Grande monotone de la mer*, that he painted on such a gigantic scale with a fresco brush to the intimate analysis of subjective reflection. And as quiet hermit on the shores of the Bidassoa the bizarre dream-blossoms he cultivates appeal to me perhaps more nearly than those brilliant, exotic blooms which once as voyager in distant seas he gathered from all the enchanted gardens of the earth.

## A Plea for Bad Taste.

SOMEONE has rather aptly described the animal paintings of a venerable artist as "designs for sheep and cows." There was actually no need to inscribe "Sheep" or "Cows" under his work, though that he generally did: the species, if unfamiliar, and perhaps impossible, was at least sufficiently patent. Most writers who deal with the life of the present century are guilty of the same unconvincingness. They give us, not life, not men and women, but designs for men and women, a design for life. Read any novel, descriptive, putatively, of the life of modern men and women of the better sort: you shall find yourself, not in England, but in a country of temperate climate, with more or fewer English place-names, and a capital London, inhabited by folk of the race called Anglo-Saxon, but of mental origin unknown. They are possibly men and brothers, but by no means even our cousins.

Let us figure ourselves of a sudden translated into such a book. Between us and these strangers would upraise itself the impenetrable barrier of incomprehension: we should be dumb before them, dumb as we must always be when face to face with men of different genesis of mind. We could touch, at times, in grief and laughter, in danger, in sport, in small talk, in the comedies of manners, in all matters not coloured by the century, but there our traffic must end. The reason is of the simplest. We have not read the same books, seen the same pictures, read the same newspapers, yawned at the same plays; we have not concerned ourselves with the same problems. These people are like the folk of the theatre, monsters, with minds of the dark mid-century in bodies of our own date. Such people are all but universal, alas! in life, though in life we select; and fiction hardly offers us a wiser choice.

Not that one speaks always or often of books and problems, except in novels that deal with "literary society"; yet books are at once our experience and our touchstone. The divergence between a man who has read, between the ages, say, of seventeen and twenty-five, Keats, Browning, Morris, Swinburne, Rossetti, Thoreau, Whitman, Darwin, and the man who has not, is a divergence greater than the racial. And how are we to know if the men and women in novels have read what we have read, if they do not, as unobtrusively as you please, inform us? Again, there are many who do not, intimately, class men as soldiers, sailors, barristers, stock-brokers, Conservatives or Liberals, but as men who love or do not love certain books, certain things; it is our way, not of comprehending them, but of representing to ourselves the extent of our incomprehension.

We do not want our inhabitants of fiction to be always in the library, but merely to know that they, too, have read the last poet, the last philosopher, the last novelist; to know that their minds do sometimes play with the subjects that are in the air—in short, that they inhabit our atmosphere. For only so may we know to what extent we do not know them.

And here enters the matter of taste. There is a canon unwritten, undefined, and therefore (such is our noble wilfulness) seldom controverted, that no criticism, no mention of any author or any public character of less than semi-historic standing may be made by the personage of a novel. And the canon is so duteously observed that violations thereof do actually offend; such are fragments of rude unrefined life thrust into our design for men and women, like a passage of school-study in a wall-paper. That the violation offends by rarity is for me proved by the unladylike vividness of a story, not otherwise more than uncommon, of which the two characters were constantly reading the poems of Mr. Swinburne. That a longer story, in which Mr. Swinburne's poems figured very prominently, did not possess this vividness was presumably due to the patency of the fact that the poems

were dragged in for the vituperation of the writer, not of the characters.

There is also another canon, formulated, one can only suppose, by critics of the more robustious sort: that in a novel no man may truly think or reason, may be careful and troubled by matters of tragic import to humanity—for no better reason that appears, than that these gentry are content to air their little wits and eat their little dinners as all men, therefore, and not only well-bred reviewers, should be content. Thought, to them, is a defilement of art; as though the province of art were not the universe. But perhaps it is that they have not discovered man to think. Be it as it may, who dare depict a man not an ignoramus? Who dare let it appear that, for his personages, the thought and history of the last fifty years has not been in vain? "Tract" is the horrible anathema pronounced against the work of him that dares—of her, I should rather say; for women, to their credit, have rushed in where fools have feared to tread.

Thus do we cheat art of the best of life. To rescue the "novel of society" from its present position, wherein it is chiefly a decivilised and popular form of entertainment, but one remove in degradation above the drama, and to reconstitute it—what it was in the days of the great stupidity—a living art, we have to do—how little! To state, dramatically, and so without offence, what all may at present state personally, not always without offence, and even savagely, in the shape of quotidian criticism. That we do not so is one reason why the cultivated classes of the novel, like the cultivated classes of the theatre, have lagged fifty years in mental development behind their living equivalents; so that the drama has become almost exclusively a people's pastime, and the novel an ephemeral six-penn'orth. This, again, is one explanation of the fact that the best of living talent goes to presenting such people as perforce, in real life, could not think and would not read; for only so may talent convince without offending. That people honestly dislike the life of their equals or superiors in mind or character or "earnestness" to be portrayed vividly was proved by the recent outcry against Mr. Hardy, and the attitude, now venerable, of the superior and the genteel—one can use no other word—to the plays of Ibsen.

But what is to gain by this violation of taste? At the least amusement, a discrimination of temperament, a sense of reality, of kinship. And we should gain this, too—and we cannot exaggerate the value of such a thing—that nine-tenths of the world, deluded by the bait of considerable names, might learn, protesting if they please, how the other tenth thinks.

There is certainly one kind of author who admits the contemporary to the present, and he is most of all exasperating. He is the man who introduces imaginary writers and imaginary great men. He offends our dignities. What, these matters are great, and we have never heard of them! How shall we have patience with a hero whose favourite novelist is the brilliant N. M., whose adored statesman Sir M. N.? Have we heard of these? How, then, shall we suffer one who thinks them brilliant? Go to! the fellow is none of our kin.

A. BERNARD MIALL.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BUTLER'S return from the Cape command is the most ominously warlike symptom in our controversy with the Boers. It is said that a soldier should have no opinions of his own; but when a soldier has to take also the part of Acting Governor, as General Butler took it during Sir Alfred Milner's absence in England, the formula fails. The soldier has then to prove his possession of a personality; and if he thinks his country is pushing its interests too arrogantly, he has even to say as much in



his despatches home. Perhaps his view is not accepted at home, and he has to become a chief engine in carrying out as a soldier the very policy he has condemned as an administrator. The position has its obvious strain; and Sir William Butler is to be congratulated on his resignation of a position which must have become more than irksome, even galling, to him.

AN actress who has lived in public as has Mrs. Langtry ever since Millais painted her (without, by the way, greatly admiring her) finds a little secrecy at last an almost piquant thing. That seems to be the only reason why she was Mrs. de Bathe for twenty days before the public knew it. It is thus that the law of reaction—that far too little recognised factor in the life of men and of nations—works.

THE *Quarterly* reviewer of Modern Mysticism, who somewhat fearlessly classes together Mme. Krudener and Mme. Blavatsky, has been made, in one minute particular, the victim of a slip of the pen or of a printer's error. "Annie" Kingsford she never was. Mary Queen of Scots and other interesting personages she imagined she might have been in previous incarnations; but here she was "Anna"; and she would have felt less the prophetess and the mother in Israel than she did if fate had given her the name which the *Quarterly* assigns her.

AN interesting chapter in the history of modern beliefs in what is popularly spoken of as mesmerism has yet to be written. In the 'forties, literary men and women were strangely stirred by it. Harriet Martineau wrote letters on the subject which Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Jameson read with much more sympathy than did, for instance, an *Athenæum* reviewer, whose article was a little sensation of the day. Bulwer, whom Mrs. Browning thought a "genius" and Mr. Browning did not, was full of specifics by which mortal ills were to be vanquished, even if the elixir of immortality itself was not to be found; and Mr. Browning, the creator of Mr. Sludge, was himself gently reprimanded by the *Times* for making a magician his hero in *Paracelsus*. Mrs. Browning, who did not quite know what to think, took refuge in the creed of her cousin, Mr. Kenyon: "I believe in mesmerism, but not in mesmerists."

THE special reporter may be so very "special" as to allow the simple details of life, such as the letter-rates of postage, to lie outside his ken. Speaking of the attempt on Labori, and of the impression created in London on Monday afternoon by the news, one enthusiastic reporter declares: "So great was the feeling stirred that an evening paper was posted at letter-rate to a leading ambassador in the country." The letter-rate of an evening newspaper is one penny.

SIR LAWRENCE ALMA TADEMA, though born a Dutchman, has felt very much on his own ground at Antwerp, where he did in fact receive his early training in art. Uninfluenced as he is by Van Dyck in his profession, there are vague personal resemblances between the two men which made Sir Lawrence a particularly fit representative of our own Royal Academy at the opening, the other day, of the Van Dyck Tercentenary Exhibition. Both men won high honours in England and Belgium; both were knighted by English sovereigns, and held also the favour of the Belgian Court, at which Sir Lawrence figures to-day as a Knight of the Order of Leopold. In London the two painters took a like pride in the homes they made for themselves. Van Dyck had his apartments at Blackfriars, royally assigned to him, and his country house at Eltham. Charles I. used to be rowed in a barge down to Blackfriars to visit the painter, and to lounge in the studio, a proceeding in which

he had, of course, innumerable imitators. Those were the days of real "private views"; and Van Dyck, with service and a table that exceeded in splendour anything attempted by any modern artist, used to ask his sitters to stay and dine with him, so that he might the better learn their expressions. The modern English artist has lost the habit of mere display; men like Lord Leighton were great diners-out rather than great dinner-givers; but the amount spent by Leighton in the artistic decoration of his house was such as might have made even Van Dyck stare. Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema follows the modern method. To the decoration of his house at St. John's Wood (his old fellow-student, Mr. Whistler, might and does demur to this use of the word decoration) the naturalised Dutch painter has devoted an expenditure of time, taste, and money without any parallel among painters now living in England.

THE few members of the Athenæum Club left in London are to be seen occasionally hovering near to the Paradise from which they are temporarily banished. Uneasy is the eye that is kept on the new storey by which the club-house is adding to its stature. The first purpose of a club-house is to accommodate its members with comfort, no doubt. But let that be frankly said, without any attempt to suggest that the extensions now in progress do not disfigure the building for the man in the street. At the Carlton, by the way, two members—Lord Ormawhaye and Mr. Leonard Portal—celebrate this year the golden jubilee of their membership.

## Correspondence.

### A Correction.

SIR,—The reviewer of *Darwinism and Lamarckism* has been led into an error by quoting a remark which Mr. Darwin made before he was aware of the facts. The passage runs:

"In the future," he says, in *Origin of Species*, "I see open fields for far more important researches. Psychology will be securely based on a new foundation—that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation." This work has been undertaken by Mr. Herbert Spencer, who seeks to show that man's mental qualities, as also his institutions, are subject to the same law of natural selection as his physical structure.

The facts are that the first edition of the *Principles of Psychology* was published in July, 1855, and that the *Origin of Species* was first published in November, 1859.

It is needful to add that mental evolution, as delineated in the *Principles of Psychology*, is not ascribed to natural selection, but is ascribed to the inheritance of acquired characters.

HERBERT SPENCER.

Brighton: August 14, 1899.

### "A Neglected Lowell."

SIR,—The correspondent who calls attention to the early volume of essays by Lowell, *Fireside Travel*, and that other who desires to make their acquaintance, may be glad to know, from one who knew Lowell intimately during the period in which they were produced, that of all his literary work these essays reproduce best the man as we knew him. They speak as he used to speak: they reproduce his happy extempore outpouring of erudition, wit, humour, and veiled pathos, and to read them now is like listening to him in his study as he used to talk to us. "Edelman Storg" was the late W. W. Story, the sculptor, but the failing memory of an old man who was a young man then does not respond to the names which correspond to the initials.

I believe that Lowell was returning after his professorial life, and the more ponderous manner of the then written

works, to the old and more natural manner of the *Fireside Travels*, when he was interrupted by his entry into the diplomatic career which, though it honoured the country which he represented and gave him a cosmopolitan position, deprived the world of better results in his own vein. Lowell was careless of his work though not careless in it. He wrote—he told me—the *Sir Launfol* in two evenings and never retouched it prior to printing. I remember his saying to me when he came back from his term of study at Dresden, "I must study more before I produce any more."

The essays in the *Fireside Travels* are, I judge (for I have given away my copy of the book) distributed with no indication of their belongings through the volumes of the complete works (Boston 1892)—if not they will be found in the first volume of the prose works in that collection, but possibly revised. We who knew Lowell in the pre-diplomatic days recognise the justice of the opinion of your correspondent, seeing in those essays more of the man we knew when most himself.—I am, &c.,

Frimley Green, Surrey:

W. G. STILLMAN.

August 13, 1899.

### The High History.

SIR,—With all that extensive portion of Mr. Nutt's letter which repeats what I have already said in my *Translator's Epilogue* I cordially agree. The main difference between us is apparently due to Mr. Nutt's exceedingly loose use of language. If I understand him rightly, he employs the words "form of the romance" as synonymous with "text of the romance." If he simply means that the *text* of the romance from which the Welshman translated is earlier than that of the Mons MS., I am disposed to agree with him. But this is not his statement. What he says is, that it "represents an earlier form of the romance," which it does not. It represents simply a possibly earlier text of the same romance.

The instances he quotes from my translation, I am glad to note, bear witness to my editorial diligence in preparing it. The Mons scribe, in reciting Perceval's lineage, inadvertently writes *mère* instead of *père* in one passage, the result being that he gives his hero a brace of pedigrees on his mother's side and none at all on his father's. If the story really gave Perceval two mothers, I should myself entertain no doubt as to its Celtic origin; but to quote an obvious slip of the pen as evidence that the Welsh represents an earlier form of the romance is hardly worthy of so "serious" a scholar as Mr. Nutt. Not being a "serious" scholar, I contented myself with making the necessary alteration and saying nothing about it.

His next case is equally "serious." I have corrected the name of Julien li Gros into Alain li Gros in the passage quoted by Mr. Nutt, who says that I had no right to do so, because the name Julien appears in both the Welsh translation and the Berne fragments. So it does, and wrongly. If Mr. Nutt had read all the passages which refer to Julien and Alain, he would have found that they one and all refer to the same person. In order to avoid confusion arising from calling the same person by two different names, I, as I had a perfect right to do, altered the name where it was incorrectly given, the original mistake having obviously arisen from the scribe reading "Alain" as "Julien." Mr. Nutt is mistaken in saying that I have omitted all reference to Camelot. I have simply relegated Camelot to its right place; and if he will compare my translation throughout with the original, he will find a number of other cases in which I have exercised a similar discretion.

The real question is not the relative age of the Berne fragments, the text used by the Welsh translator on the Mons MS. On this question, I fancy, there would be but little substantial difference between Mr. Nutt and myself. The crucial point on which we differ is the position of the

High History with regard to the other versions of the Graal legend. I hold it to be the earliest of any; Mr. Nutt holds it to be "late and unoriginal." It is on this point that Mr. Nutt, if I understand him, alleges that I "differ from every one of my predecessors without exception." If this be, as I believe, his real contention, I am happily able to traverse the allegation on evidence he will hardly be disposed to repudiate. In his *Studies* he writes (p. 104): "From 1868 to 1870 M. Potvin brought out his edition of the Conte du Graal and the prose Perceval le Gallois from Mons MSS. In the afterwords, *priority is claimed for the latter romance* [the original of the High History] *over all the other members of the cycle*, and three stages are distinguished in the development of the legend—Welsh national, militant Christian, knightly—the prose romance belonging to the second stage, and dating substantially from the eleventh century."

Now, I disagree with M. Potvin on many points. I cannot accept quite so early a date as he assigns to the romance, and although the circumstances of its production connect it with Welsh history at an important crisis, I fail to find any evidence of any Welsh national legend at all resembling it. But the point on which I do agree with him is the very one on which M. Potvin of all men is best qualified to express an authoritative opinion. He not only edited the French original of the High History, carefully collating the text with the Berne fragments, but also the poems on the Graal by Chrestien de Troyes, Gautier de Douleus, Manessier, and other continuators of this story. As regards the true position, therefore, of the High History in the Graal cycle, his "expert" conclusions are of the highest value, and I am glad to know that my own opinion, formed on quite independent grounds, coincides on this important point with that of the distinguished scholar to whom all students of the Graal legend are so deeply indebted.—I am, &c.,

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

### Peccadilloes.

SIR,—Notwithstanding all that your correspondent "Interrogation" has to say to the contrary, most of us are satisfied that "by-the-bye" is right. The spelling is classic. And as to his "no fewer" and "no less," they are both bad as style, however accurate they may be as syntax. Every penny-a-liner tells us that "no fewer" than so many thousands of people have done so and so. It is an atrocity. If "Interrogation" be really anxious to purify the English language, why does he not keep his scorn for the unspeakable people who talk and write about "two weeks" when they mean a fortnight? And what of the wretches who write "a £100" when they mean a hundred pounds?—I am, &c.,

J. P. B.

### Our "Hard" Reviewer.

SIR,—Surely your reviewer is rather hard on Lord Byron in his review of *Life and Letters*, Vol. III.? The Countess Guiccioli, in her *Life of Byron*, makes him out a most noble character in many ways. Personally, I believe that his *was* a fine character originally, warped by circumstances; such as his extreme sensibility, his lameness, his treatment by his own countrymen, &c. In his marriage I firmly believe that it was his wife who was to blame for all the misery of it. She *knew* she was marrying a great poet—and what a poet he was!—and an immense, though eccentric genius, and such a man is *not* to be judged by ordinary standards.

He hath outsoared the shadow of our night,  
Envy and malice, calumny and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight  
Can touch him not, or torture him again.

—I am, &c.,

F. B. DOVETON.

Karsfield, Torquay, August 16, 1899.



## A Statement.

SIR,—A work on the Hudson's Bay Company, by Mr. Beckles Willson, has just been announced for publication in the autumn. Another work on the same subject, by my friend, the Rev. Prof. Bryce, LL.D., of Winnipeg, will also appear shortly.

As is well known to many friends and correspondents on both sides of the Atlantic, I have been engaged for more than ten years in collecting material for an exhaustive and authoritative History of the Hudson's Bay Company. For the purposes of this work I have personally made researches in all the best sources of information (official and otherwise) in England, France, and Canada, and have been granted access to the records of the Company.

In view of these facts, I think it desirable to state that I have in no way abandoned my intention to publish my History; that I am now actively at work upon it; and that it will, I hope, be ready for publication in a year or eighteen months.

I have not the least desire to disparage either of the works referred to above (indeed, I have reason to know already that that of Prof. Bryce's will be excellent); but, from information which has reached me, I believe I am justified in stating that, from the more purely historical point of view, neither writer has aimed at producing a work on this extremely large and interesting subject anything like so detailed and comprehensive as that I contemplate; nor will either of their works be in any sense a more "authorised" History than my own.—I am, &c.,

Broomfield, near Chelmsford. MILLER CHRISTY.  
August 16, 1899.

## Copyright in Reports of Speeches.

## MR. MURRAY'S VIEWS.

THE discussion which is proceeding in various quarters on Mr. Justice North's decision in the famous newspaper copyright case shows that the decision has caused a good deal of bewilderment. The circumstance that Lord Rosebery's claim to copyright in his own speeches appears to be ignored by the decision, or at least greatly obscured, is an element in the confusion. The letter which Mr. John Murray contributed to Thursday's *Times* on the subject deals so lucidly with this point that we take leave to quote the following extracts:

"Now one of the leading facts in the case is that Lord Rosebery himself was no party to the suit. Had he been so, and had he desired to republish his speeches in book form, there were several courses open to him for the protection of his rights. He might have taken the statutory means of announcing that his lectures were copyright; he might have excluded reporters; he might have rewritten or dictated the speeches privately, from memory; or he might have taken any newspaper report and revised it for the Press. We can hardly be surprised that he did not adopt some of these expedients, but as a matter of fact he did adopt none of them, and we are free to assume that, though he gave his assent to the publication of his collected speeches, he was not a prime mover in it and took no personal trouble in the matter. . . .

"When the first Sir Robert Peel made an important speech it was the custom for my grandfather and my father to have a newspaper report of it pasted down on foolscap paper, and Sir Robert then revised it with the greatest care and labour for republication in pamphlet form. I have several of these revised reports in my possession, and in some of them there is scarcely a single line of the newspaper version left unaltered. Had Lord Rosebery done as Sir Robert Peel did, and published a record of his speeches prepared by himself, it is safe to say that we should never have heard of this case.

"Having, so to speak, eliminated Lord Rosebery, we

come to the true facts of the case. Any one who has had experience of shorthand reporting of long speeches must be aware that no two full-length reports taken down by different individuals will exactly correspond, *verbatim et literatim*, with each other; we may go a step further and say that no such report of a long speech corresponds thus accurately with the words as originally spoken.

"I can see no intention on the part of the *Times*—implicit or explicit—to claim a copyright in the speeches to the exclusion of Lord Rosebery, should he have desired, or should he now desire, to reproduce his *ipsissima verba*; all that they claim is that a third party should not be allowed to take their version of the speech and republish it word for word without permission.

"Viewed in this light it seems to me that the decision is just what anyone conversant with copyright questions would have expected.

"It does not really touch the main issue of a speaker's copyright in his own speech, and if Lord Rosebery desired, now, to bring out his speeches, restored by him to their original form, as delivered, I will venture to say that neither the *Times* nor anyone else would claim any right to them."

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, August 17.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Ayles (H. H. B.) *Destination, Date and Authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews* ..... (Clay) 5/0  
Gilbert (G. H.) *Student's Life of Jesus* ..... (Macmillan) net 5/0

## POETRY, &amp;c.

- Mott (F. T.) *The Benseliff Ballads* ..... (Gay & Bird) 2/6  
Griffiths (W.) *The House of Dreams* ..... (Hudson-Kimberley Pub. Co., Kansas) 1 dol.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- De Rougemont (L.), *Adventures* ..... (Newnes) 6/0

## EDUCATIONAL.

- Blackwood's *Literature Readers*, Books I., II., III., and IV. (Blackwood)  
Weekley (E.), *Le Roi des Montagnes, par E. About* ..... (Macmillan) 2/6  
Atkinson (H. W.), *The Foreign Empire* ..... (Black) 2/0  
Wardlaw (J. T.), *Examination Papers on Constitutional and General History of England* ..... (Methuen) 2/6  
Stout (G. F.), *Manual of Psychology*, Vol. II. .... (Olive)  
Lyde (L. W.), *Age of Blake ("Sea Dog" Readers)* ..... (Black) net 1/0

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Mendes (H. P.), *Looking Ahead* ..... (Neely) 5/0  
*Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society* ..... (Kegan Paul) 5/0  
Slater (J. H.), *Illustrated Sporting Books* ..... (Gill)  
Pilling (W.), *Affinity* ..... (Bowden) 2/6  
*A Catalogue of Sculptured and Inscribed Stones in the Cathedral Library, Durham* ..... (Caldcleugh) net 5/0

## NEW EDITIONS.

- Scott (Sir W.), *Castle Dangerous, and Count Robert of Paris*. (Dent) each 1/8  
Veale (H.), *The Devotions of Bishop Andrewes* ..... (Deighton, Bell & Co.) 7/6

## Announcements.

MR. HERBERT P. HORNE'S work on Botticelli is nearing completion. The volume is being printed on hand-made paper; it will contain upwards of forty photogravure plates, will be entitled *The Art of Botticelli*, and will be published by Messrs. Bell.

THE autobiography of the Rev. W. J. Stillman, who is in his seventy-first year, is in the printers' hands. Before publication in book form a portion of the veteran *littérateur's* life-story will appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

JOHN JAMES PIATT, well known as the author of *Idylls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley*, will publish late in the autumn a work entitled *The Hesperian Tree, an Annual of the Ohio Valley* (1900), through George C. Shaw, Cincinnati, Ohio. The book will be issued in a limited edition to subscribers. It will consist of original contributions in prose and verse by William Dean Howells, James Lane Allen, Col. John Hay (late Ambassador of the United States to Great Britain), James Whitcomb Riley, Mrs. Piatt, Mrs. Catherwood, and others. The book will be illustrated with reproductions from paintings by well-known American artists.

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**HAKLUYT SOCIETY** (President, Sir  
CLEMENTS MARKHAM, K.C.B.).—The first two  
of the Publications for 1899, viz., "THE EMBASSY OF SIR  
THOMAS ROBE to INDIA, 1615-18" (2 vols.), Edited by  
WILLIAM FORSTER, are now being DISTRIBUTED to Members  
by MR. QUARITCH.

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## CHAIR OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

The University Court of the University of Glasgow will at an  
early date proceed to APPOINT a PROFESSOR to occupy the  
above Chair in this University, recently rendered vacant.

The Professor will be required to enter on his duties as from  
1st October next, from which date the appointment will take  
effect.

The normal salary of the Chair is £1,000, subject to §VIII. (2)  
and (3) of Ordinance 25. The Chair has an official residence  
attached to it.

The appointment is made *ad vitam aut culpam*, and carries  
with it the right to a pension on conditions prescribed by  
Ordinance.

Each applicant should lodge with the undersigned who will  
furnish any further information desired, twenty copies of his  
application and twenty copies of any testimonials he may  
desire to submit, on or before 15th September next.

ALAN E. CLAPPERTON,  
Secretary to the Glasgow University Court.  
St. West Reagent Street, Glasgow.

MASON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,  
BIRMINGHAM.

## ASSISTANT LECTURESHIP IN CLASSICS.

The Council invite APPLICATIONS for the above appoint-  
ment.

Applications, accompanied by testimonials, should be sent  
to the undersigned, not later than Saturday, the 10th of  
September.

The Candidate elected will be required to enter upon his  
duties on October 3rd.

Further particulars may be obtained from  
GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

## VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

## THE YORKSHIRE COLLEGE, LEEDS.

The 25th Session of the Department of Science, Technology,  
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The Classes prepare for the following Professions: Chemistry,  
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The Council invite APPLICATIONS for the post of  
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PHILOSOPHY. Applications, together with testimonials,  
must be forwarded, on or before September 8th, to the under-  
signed, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

August, 1899.

TECHNICAL COLLEGE,  
HUDDERSFIELD.

PRINCIPAL—S. G. RAWSON, D.Sc.

The LECTURESHIP in ART is VACANT. Salary, £250  
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T. THORP, Secretary.

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cient merit) in Physics and Chemistry. One Senior Open  
Scholarship of the value of £75 will be awarded to the best  
candidate (if of sufficient merit) in Biology and Physiology.  
Candidates for these Scholarships must be under twenty-five  
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Surgical Practice of any London Medical School.

One Junior Open Scholarship in Science, value £150, and One  
Preliminary Scientific Exhibition, value £50, will be awarded  
to the best candidates under twenty years of age (if of sufficient  
merit) in Physics, Chemistry, Animal Biology, and Vegetable  
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The entrance Examination (value £20) will be competed for at  
the same time. The subjects of examination are Latin,  
Mathematics, and any one of the three following languages—  
Greek, French, and German. The Classical subjects are those  
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